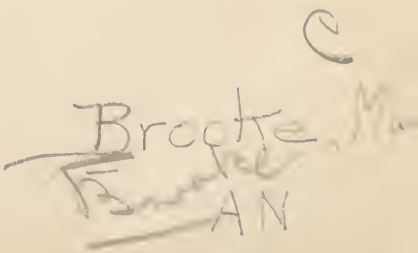
MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS

MARY C. BROOKE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Mary C. Brooke.

Memories of Eighty Years

By

Mary C. Brooke

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I dedicate these
Recollections to my son-
in-law, William Dinwiddie,
whose unfailing kindness
has greatly added to my
comfort and happiness
in my declining years.

Mary C. Brooke.

Metuchen, New Jersey.
February 23d. 1916.

INTRODUCTION

I HAVE just entered my eighty-fourth year, as I finish these Recollections of some of the customs and events of and since my childhood, which I have recorded at the request of my children.

In doing this, I have also recalled what my father has told me of the manner of living of a generation earlier than my own.

M. C. B.

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CLUB PAPERS

Memories of Eighty Years

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

I WAS born in the township of Chatham, Columbia County, New York, on the 23d of February, 1833.

My father, John Coffin, and my mother, Clarissa Finch, both of Chatham, were married in 1828, when he was not quite twenty-one, and she only nineteen years of age.

He always maintained that early marriages had their advantages, that people more readily adapted themselves to each other's peculiarities then than they did later in life.

Father and his elder brother, Matthew, worked their father's farm in partnership, so mother went to live at Grandfather Coffin's, where already Uncle Matthew and his wife and child were living; making, practically, three families under one roof, for father's younger brother, Uncle Reuben, and my young aunts, Maria and Eliza, were all at home.

The old people were "Uncle Uriel" and "Aunt Mary" to all the children of the neighborhood. They were both born on the island of Nantucket, and of course grandfather was a sailor, making his first voyage as captain's boy, at the age of nine. In course of time, he became captain of a merchant vessel, which he took on trading voyages to Jamaica, London, Calcutta, Canton, and Honolulu. His last voyage was to the island of Mocha, on the west coast of South America, where his ship was loaded with sealskins (even then a valuable cargo). The skins were sold in New York, and grandfather's share of the profits enabled him to think of having a settled home, so he turned his back on his beloved ocean and went up to Hudson, New York, where several families from Nantucket had already settled, and finally, in 1800, he bought a farm twenty-five miles from Hudson, in the then township of New Britton.

The land had originally been taken up by one William Brown, who had built a house and cleared a few fields of the heavy oak timber, which covered that part of the State. His first house was of logs, and was still standing when I was a child. We used it for drying the butternuts and hickory nuts that we gathered every autumn.

It is related that William Brown killed the last bear that was seen in that vicinity. He was awak-

ened one night by a great commotion in his pig pen, and at once he seized his gun and started out to investigate. But his wife objected so strongly that he waited until she was soundly sleeping, when he stole out, and in the darkness saw two points of light which he concluded were the assailant's eyes; so, aiming between them, he fired and hastily retraced his steps. In the morning both the pig and the bear lay dead in the pen. So runs the story, but I have wondered if the eyes of any animal did ever give light enough to shoot by.

Grandfather knew absolutely nothing about farming, and, until his sons were old enough to direct affairs, he had twice as many laborers as was necessary. He sold his whole crop of wheat by the peck or bushel to his employees or to the poor people of the neighborhood. He thought one dollar a fair price for a bushel, and so would take neither more nor less.

I do not remember my Grandmother Coffin, but, from her children's description, she must have possessed rare qualities. I see her, in my mind, a frail, gentle little woman, in her gray Quaker dress and muslin cap and kerchief, her knitting sheath pinned to her side, and her small fingers moving the needles automatically, as she went about the house among the helpers—they did not talk about servants in those days—directing the many home industries,

the carding and spinning of the flax and wool, the weaving of the flannel for blankets and clothing, and the flax into bed and table linen, as well as the white dimity for short gowns that were worn over the dark linsey skirts. Some of the flannel was dyed, and, after a process of fulling and pressing, was called full-cloth and made up for the men's wear.

Once a year the tailoress came, with her press-board and "goose," and measured the boys, and cut and made their winter suits. The shoemaker, also, went from house to house, and made the shoes and boots for the whole family. It was called "whipping the cat."

The mystery to my mind is that, in a family made up of so many fragments, there seems never to have been any friction.

Grandfather was a very temperate man, using no tobacco or spirits, but he loved his cup of strong, clear coffee, even before he was dressed in the morning. When it was taken to him, in pursuance of a life-long habit, he always inquired of the direction of the wind. If it was "nor'-nor'-west" he counted on a pleasant day. If no air was stirring, he taught the children to wet a finger and, holding it up, note which side felt a chill.

I have heard that corn pudding was one of my grandparents' favorite supper dishes. In the early

morning a fire was started in the brick oven, and the boys brought in from the field a bushel or two of young corn—sweet corn had not then been introduced. The women cut and scraped the corn from the cobs, to which was added milk and eggs, and, about noon, the oven was filled with the pans of pudding, which were left there until the early supper. Long years after, when the oven was given up, my brother and I did our algebra in the kitchen, because the black oven door made a good blackboard.

It is related that, shortly before his death, grandfather had a visit from Judah Pollock, then an old man, but one of his boyhood friends. Judah, as a young man, was cruising in the Mediterranean, when he was taken prisoner by pirates on the north coast of Africa, and was held in slavery for so long that his people gave him up for dead. After great suffering and long years of toil, he gained his freedom and came back to Nantucket.

His old friends had mostly passed away, but, hearing that grandfather was still living, he went to visit him. The family, of course, wanted to hear of his strange adventures, but he avoided the subject until all but grandfather had retired, when he commenced a recital of his years of captivity. Grandfather secured a pot of his favorite beverage, and the two old men talked and drank coffee nearly all night. When he had finished, Judah said: "Uriel,

I felt a desire to tell thee all about it; now I would like to forget those dreadful years, so thee and I will never speak of it again."

The vehicle used by the family was a large open wagon without springs. On meeting days it was filled with kitchen chairs and the family rode to meeting, grandfather standing in front to drive. I imagine the motion of the wagon, over the rough roads, reminded him of his storm-tossed vessel. It was a sore disappointment to him that none of his sons chose a seafaring life. He could not understand why a boy should prefer farm work to the life of a sailor. His nephew, John Forbes, whom he raised, gratified him in that respect, but he died, while quite young, at Honolulu.

Father and mother lived in the family for three years, during which time my brother William was born, but, just before Eliza's birth, father's new house on the same farm was finished, and, to mother's great delight, they began housekeeping by themselves.

The house was not large, and the furnishings were of the simplest, but I have heard mother say that some of the happiest years of her life were passed in that first little home. It was the custom, in that community, for a housekeeper to make all her carpets and bedding, and I still have in my possession a blue and white bed-cover, a specimen of mother's spin-

ning and grandmother's weaving, nearly ninety years ago.

Mother was a neat, methodical housekeeper, doing everything herself, but finding time for her sewing and the care of flowers and poultry. She took great delight in having nice feather-beds and pillows. She generally raised a flock of geese which were picked and sent to market, but she could seldom be induced to part with new feathers. Every six weeks, during the summer, it was one of my childish pleasures to help her pick the geese. I followed her like a shadow, and always insisted on helping with whatever she did, and, long years afterwards, when I was myself a farmer's wife, I was rather surprised to find that I remembered how to boil soap and card wool and make old-fashioned pickles and preserves.

Mother had a large gray gander that is prominent among my earliest recollections. There was a tradition that he was part wild; at all events he was fierce enough to be the terror of all the children. Once he threw my younger brother down and was flapping his strong wings around him and pecking him in a most vicious manner, when mother rescued the frightened child. He lived over ten years, ruling the geese autocratically, and always sheltering all the goslings at night under his own broad wings.

I was born two years after my sister Eliza, and, as my twin brothers, younger than I, died in infancy,

I was the youngest child for four years, but I do not think I was badly spoiled. It was one of father's maxims that the kindest thing you could do for a child was to insist on obedience, and I think he was right. A spoiled child is no comfort to himself, and is a positive discomfort to his parents and friends.

The winter I was four years old, my brother Reuben was born. He was a large, beautiful boy, and very precocious. He learned to read before he was three years of age, and, when three and a half, taught himself the poetry that he recited at school every week. He died the following winter of scarlet fever. It was a light case, and father and mother always believed that proper medical treatment might have saved him. Our family physician belonged to the "old school," and bleeding, blistering, and salivating with calomel were his favorite remedies. A patient with a strong constitution, who could stand that heroic treatment, had a chance of recovering. It was literally "the survival of the fittest." William, Eliza, and I all had the fever in a mild form, but our baby sister Julia was very ill, and was helpless for a long time with rheumatism.

My older sister was so much of a bookworm that I learned to amuse myself, and sometimes in an original way. I owned a very large black cat, and, having heard that a cat, in falling through the air, turned somersaults and always landed on her feet

unharmed, I determined to prove the truth of the statement; so, with the cat in my arms, I climbed a perpendicular ladder into a hayloft, where there was a small window, and, gathering pussy's four paws into one hand, I dropped her, but I forgot that she could literally be "as quick as a cat" and the next instant she was suspended from my small thumb, her great weight tearing the flesh from the bone, which left a scar that still reminds me of that childish escapade. I don't know, to this day, if a cat does really turn somersaults in falling.

Failing in my first experiment, I resolved to prove that a cat could swim with the tail floating on the water, so, with a great deal of trouble, I managed to shake her from the end of a board into a small pond, that had been made for the annual sheep-washing, and I had the satisfaction of seeing her swim in the desired manner.

One of our favorite amusements was to play tag on the top of the broad stone fences. Of course it always ended in falling off into the brambles, and we generally went home with our clothing sadly torn. I distinctly remember having to sit down and mend the "trap doors," as mother called them, when I wanted to be out playing, but it had the desired effect. At that time a girl of eight or nine years of age was expected to make her own stockings and we were required to knit a certain number of rounds

every day, but I was not a precocious child, and I must have been at least ten years of age before I could "turn the heel."

Our road to school lay through a small tract of thick woods where we often heard the whirr of partridges, and once we were so fortunate as to find a nest containing nine eggs. Immediately it occurred to us that it would be a fine idea to take the eggs home and raise a brood of partridges, so we tranferred them to our lunch-basket, and, that same evening, gave them to a setting hen who had made her nest in an empty barrel. Not wishing to rob the mother bird, we gave her three hen's eggs the next morning. Every evening for several days we went to the nest and counted the nine precious little speckled eggs, but, alas! one morning nothing remained but nine empty shells! It was a great puzzle to us how the birds escaped. We afterwards heard chickens in the woods, but we never saw them.

During the summer following my little brother's death, father was ill for many weeks with typhoid fever. According to the custom of the time, the neighboring men came, two each night, to nurse him, so there was a constant change of nurses, and, worse than all, they were weary farmers unaccustomed to loss of sleep, and they often overslept the time for giving the medicine; but, considering what it was, this may have been a "blessing in

disguise." When he left his bed, he walked with crutches several weeks and needed glasses that suited old people, though he was but a little over thirty. In this age of greater medical knowledge, and the intelligent ministrations of trained nurses, we wonder that a patient ever recovered under the treatment of that day.

Father and I were great comrades. He had at one time as many as eighty hives of bees, and, in swarming time, he was glad of my help. Sometimes a dozen swarms would come out in one morning, and, to add to the difficulty, they had an unfortunate habit of choosing the same spot. I have seen as many as four swarms in one huge bunch. Father would put his pipe in his mouth—he made his bees an excuse for using tobacco—and, with a big basket in one hand and a soft brush in the other, quietly brush them into the basket and pour them onto a sheet, and, with the bees running over his face and hands without stinging him, he divided the pile into the right number of swarms. He left them to settle the matter of queens among themselves.

He had a large flock of fine-wooled sheep, which he got in Vermont, where the farmers made a specialty of raising the merinos. The fleeces are not heavy but the wool is as fine and soft as silk. I have known it to bring a dollar a pound. Of course the lambs were valuable, but they were delicate and

the raising of them required great care. At bedtime I used to go with father to look them over, and, with bottles of warm milk, feed any that were hungry.

Sheep-washing day was always an exciting occasion with us children. The stream which ran through the farm was dammed until the water was four or five feet deep, and, about the last of May, all the men on the place spent the day washing the sheep. My brother helped throw them into the water as they were wanted, and we girls stood on the bank and watched them, when we were not running back and forth from the house to the pond with pitchers of hot ginger tea, to keep the men from taking cold.

After a few days the sheep-shearers came, professionals, who, with their big open shears, worked so rapidly, and without injuring the sheep, that it was fascinating to watch them. The fleeces were tied into round bundles, inside out, ready for the New England manufacturers who came every year to buy them. On one occasion three sheep got out of the enclosure and escaped washing. The shearers said it would not matter, the clean side of the fleece was all that showed anyhow; but when the buyer had packed the wool into sacks for shipment, he had put aside the three unwashed fleeces, which he had detected by the delicate touch learned in his business.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL DAYS

I DO not remember learning to read, but the winter I was four years old mother had a governess for the older children, and, as I had no one to play with, I used frequently to slip into the "'cool-room," as I called it, and mother said I announced one day that I could read, which she found to be a fact.

We went to school all the year, with the exception of the months of April and October, which were the spring and fall vacations. Our public schools were fairly good, though the teachers were often young and inexperienced. Their methods would hardly be endorsed in this age of Normal Schools and Teachers' Institutes. I remember having my little hands switched for making mistakes in my long division examples when I was seven.

It was the general custom for the teacher to "board round," that is, the man in winter and the woman in summer lived for a few weeks in each family which sent children to school, the length of their stay depending on the number of children attending. While it could not have been pleasant

for the teachers, it had certain advantages, for it enabled them to make the acquaintance of all the parents, and also to learn the individualities of their pupils.

We were required to attend school with perfect regularity. None but the most inclement weather kept us at home. When the snow was too deep for us to walk we had a merry sleigh-ride of two miles, and, as we gathered up all of the children who lived nearer, the big sleigh, that was used for marketing grain, was full and running over with laughing boys and girls when we reached the schoolhouse.

It is true that in winter we had to breakfast by candlelight, to have a little time to help mother before school, but I do not remember that we considered it a hardship. I am certain that an education which has cost some effort is more highly prized, and that a due amount of physical exercise has a tendency to make the mind clearer, and the memory more retentive.

The winter breakfast was generally buckwheat cakes and sausage. In summer, we ate breakfast at six, and we had either fried ham or thin slices of pork, dipped in an egg batter and fried brown, and new potatoes, which we ate with cream. In the morning the bread was generally cold.

Our dinner varied with the season; in winter a spareribor a roast of beef, in summer a "boiled

dinner" (to us the New England term was very common). To a piece of pickled pork were added cabbage, potatoes, and summer squashes, and beets (if they were white). On one occasion, when mother came home from mid-week meeting, she asked Irish Katie if dinner was done:

"Sure, I think the cucumbers are done, as I gave them a hour, which you said was right for the squashes!"

I have since eaten cooked cucumbers in Japan, with a cream dressing, and they were very palatable.

A favorite supper relish in summer was smoked herring, which we put up ourselves. During the fish season a few hundred roe herring were bought at the "Landing," as we called Stuyvesant, our nearest river town, and, after lying in salt for a few days (until the eyes were red, I think, was the test), they were hung in the meat-house and smoked with corncobs, or hickory shavings. They were broiled, and were nicer than any I have ever eaten since.

Five o'clock was the supper hour in harvest time, then the men worked an hour or two and had a bowl of mush and milk or samp, which was a cracked corn something like hominy. In extremely warm weather father always gave the men and the horses an hour or two after dinner. At ten o'clock, a lunch was sent to the field; often it was hot gingerbread and jugs of a kind of root beer that mother made for the harvesters.

As usual, we children had a hand in making this beer. She would send us to the woods for sweet-fern and wintergreen, which she boiled with a few hops and some dock or dandelion roots. Molasses and ginger were added, and yeast to produce fermentation. If bottled and kept in a cold place, it was good for several days and was cool and refreshing.

We never had ice water; in fact, there was not an icehouse in the neighborhood. I am sure I must have been fifteen before I ever saw ice-cream.

These matters seem too trivial to record, but my children insist on a detailed account of everything connected with my childhood.

In looking back from this distance, the impression is that we were a happy family, but I cannot recall that any special effort was made for the children's entertainment. We all had our duties, which were generally pleasures. We used to call mother our Brigadier-General. Her motto was, "Many hands make light work." I don't know where it originated, but it sounds like *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

As we left the breakfast table, unless we were going to school, she designated what each child was to do, adding: "Then you can all play together."

We were expected to hunt the eggs, and it was literally hunting, for there was no regular chicken-house, and the nests were in all imaginable and

unimaginable places. We climbed into haylofts, skirted straw-stacks, and looked behind every box and barrel, for if we got a full basket it meant that we could have a few for candy (our favorite was a large pink and white drop called a "Jackson ball"). It was an unwritten law that the eggs must furnish the table with groceries. The price varied from twelve to eighteen cents per dozen. About once a week they were taken to the village store, two miles distant, and traded for whatever was needed. At Easter (or "Paas" as we descendants of our Dutch grandmother called it) we were allowed as many eggs for ourselves as we wanted.

A light brown sugar was used for most purposes, but for best preserves and jellies, loaf sugar was bought, and, as it really was in a loaf, we children almost quarreled over the rare fun of cutting it up for use. The soft purple paper it was wrapped in was used to make a dye for carpet rags. We bought coffee in the green state and browned it ourselves, and I still think it had a flavor that is quite lacking in the ground coffee that comes to us now. We bought rice, but there were no cereals and macaroni was not in general use, so the eggs often gave us other things, such as a new calico dress, which was a shilling (12½ cents) a yard, or a pair of gaiter boots for best, which cost ten shillings ($1.25.)

Before the processes of canning and evaporating

fruits and vegetables came into use, summer and autumn were busy seasons with us, preparing food for the long winter.

Cherries, plums, peaches, and apples were dried, sometimes in the sun, sometimes in the brick oven after the bread and pies were taken out. The pears and damsons were generally preserved and certain big jars were filled with cider-apple sauce. The cider was boiled down to half its original quantity, and then the apples, cut in quarters, were cooked slowly several hours without stirring. If constantly stirred it becomes a jam called apple butter, but mother did not make it that way.

Before the fall rains began was the apple drying season. We cut the apples in the evening, my uncle's family and ours combining and making it a social event; then we divided the result. We children always liked the "apple bees," because we had pumpkin pie and cider, or perhaps a watermelon, when they were over.

Dried sweet corn was one of our most important products. The early frosts made our season for fresh corn very short, so we dried a quantity to use with the lima and soup beans during the winter. It was cut from the cob and spread on plates or pans, well greased with butter to keep it from sticking, and dried in the oven, except when the sun was very hot. Unless it dries quickly it sours.

The dried sweet plums were particularly nice and were a good substitute for prunes. When I was a very little girl we sometimes had hulled corn, which was prepared by soaking field corn in weak lye until the hulls loosened and could be washed out; then it was soaked in fresh water for a day or two, and cooked for a long time, like large hominy. I do not think any of us cared much for it, and we gave up the use of it.

Mother had a winter storeroom, a sort of cold storage where food would remain frozen for weeks. She was not happy until it was well stocked. There must be several stone jars filled with pats of butter ready for the table, golden yellow, made before the early frosts had killed the grass. There was a jar of mincemeat, and several of sausage, even a quarter of beef cut up and then frozen, a pan of doughnuts, and a dozen or two mince pies, and, as the holidays approached, a few chickens were added, and a turkey or two, all dressed and ready for the stuffing.

Mother had a great scorn of "living from hand to mouth," as she expressed it. The result was that, though she might not have a servant, the winter season was one of comparative leisure. She was always ready for company, and there was much time for sewing and reading.

Our winters were often very severe, but we were so well prepared that I really think we were more

comfortable than the people in milder latitudes who make no provision for winter. Sometimes a deep snow would lie on the ground for three consecutive months. I have known ninety days of good sleighing, so the farmers were ready and did all their heavy hauling on the snow. The firewood for the year was brought to the house; if there was to be building the following season, the timber was carried to the sawmill; the grain was taken to market, and lime or fertilizer brought back. But, best of all, the children got many a sleigh-ride, if the school was not near.

Of course occasionally the cold was intense. I have been sleigh-riding with the mercury twenty-seven degrees below zero. The snow was often so dry that it drifted whenever there was wind, so it was a custom to take a shovel when we started for a ride over a wind-swept road.

In the early spring when the winds were cold and the roads too rough for visiting, we made our own rag carpets and did any necessary quilting of comforts or quilts. Now we have the many brilliant aniline dyes, but we managed then with the materials at hand to get very satisfactory results. There was always indigo for the blue, hickory bark made a bright yellow dye, and the two gave the green. There was logwood, with copperas as a mordant, for black, and with alum for purple. Madder or the cochineal

bugs were used for red, and the bark of the butternut gave a rich brown, so we were, in a way, our own chemists, and any new recipes for the various shades were exchanged among the housekeepers, very much as the women of to-day give each other instruction in salad dressings and meringues or new designs for embroidery and crocheting.

Candle-making was a most important home industry. The candle-rods, as they were called, were saved from year to year, having been originally made by scraping the green bark from the straight stalks of elder bushes. The wicking for six candles was twisted over each rod, and the wicks were dipped into a kettle of melted tallow, over and over, until they were large enough, and then packed away in a cool place for the year's use. Of course sperm candles could be bought, but they were not easy to get in the country.

While I suppose we were satisfied with what we had then, I am thankful that the discoveries and inventions of the last fifty years have given the world better light, and that no children hereafter need prepare their morrow's lessons by the dim light of a tallow dip.

We made, also, the matches that were used for lighting the candles. Blocks of seasoned white pine were split into the proper size, and the ends dipped into melted sulphur. The friction matches which

we bought were used when there was no fire. When my mother was a child, she said, if the fire on the hearth went out in the night, they "borrowed" a coal from the nearest neighbor.

Another rather unusual home product was oil-cloth to use about the kitchen stove. Strong cotton was nailed over some smooth surface, and, after a coat or two of oil, several coats of paint were given, with long periods of hardening between them, so that it was a very good substitute for the kind that could be purchased.

In the spring we children always tried to get father to tap some of the sugar maples in the woods not far from the house. If mother felt equal to the trouble of making the sugar, he would bore several holes in each large tree and insert spiles made from elder-stalks. We would split the stems and scrape out the pith, making a nice little trough for the sap to drip into, and then it ran to a bucket placed on the ground. No mariner ever watched the weather more anxiously than we did, because we had heard that freezing nights and thawing days were necessary for sugar-making.

Every evening we tramped through the snow—and often slush—to bring in the sap (if the night was cold it did not run). Then it was boiled many hours before the slightly sweet fluid became even syrup, and longer still for sugar. It takes several buckets

of sap to make one pound of sugar, so the small returns hardly justify its manufacture that way.

Years later, at my uncle's in Northern Michigan, I went to the "sugar bush," as they called a grove of maple trees, and saw the evaporators and modern appliances which much simplify the operation.

This may sound as if we were always at work, but we had ample time for playing. Some of it was rather vigorous and certainly took the place of gymnastics. I remember climbing the upright ladders in the barn to make flying leaps into the hay below —for the mow got very low during the long winter. In my heart I was a little afraid, but tried to appear brave and do what the others did.

Near the house was a small hill, the top of which was used by the first settlers, before the year 1800, as a burying ground. The graves were marked with small granite slabs without inscriptions. We used to go up there for wild strawberries, and thought it a great feat to climb up the almost perpendicular side of the hill. I admit I cannot see where the fun came in, but I recollect distinctly that we used to pin our sunbonnets together in front, to keep the sand out of our eyes, and then deliberately roll down this same declivity. It always gave me a sick headache, but I must have lacked the moral courage to refuse.

We did not have allowances to spend foolishly, as many children do to-day, but were permitted to

earn money easily. Father would have the men thresh the hickory and chestnut trees, and we gathered nuts, a portion always being our own to sell for pocket money. The cider apples were shaken to the ground, and we helped pick them up at one cent a bushel. If helpers were lacking, we sometimes gathered the small oat sheaves that the cradlers and binders had left, and put them into piles for the wagon to collect. Then came the great fun of riding to the barn on the load.

Among my most vivid recollections is a day that I spent in that way, when I was about twelve years old, because father said we could not go to the Hudson Quarterly Meeting, the next day, unless we got the crop in, and I especially wanted to go to Hudson, for I had never seen a city.

In the afternoon we crossed the river to Athens, a town just opposite, to spend the night at a cousin's. The ferryboat was worked by horses, several on each side of the carriageway, down in the bottom of the boat, each horse walking on a little treadmill. I thought it must be very discouraging to do so much walking and never get anywhere. There was a firemen's parade in the evening, and I heard band music for the first time.

To go back to the pleasures of childhood, reading was by far the greatest of all. We had a very good district school library, which was sometimes kept

at our house, and I believe I read everything in it except Gibbon's *Roman Empire* in ten volumes, which I once ambitiously attacked when a mere child, but I read less than one volume.

I loved *Plutarch's Lives*, and Agnes Strickland's *Queens of England* was fascinating. Fortunately but little light reading was available. My first novel was *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, in which the heroine was always swooning. Abbott's *Lives* and Prescott's *Conquests* followed later, and before I was grown Dickens and Thackeray were appearing in serials.

Irving was one of my greatest favorites. His *Rip Van Winkle* made such an impression that, later in life, when I made a pilgrimage to the cave among the Catskills where his "little people" played their game of ninepins in their midnight orgies, the scene was almost as clear to my mind as when, several years after, I heard Jefferson's soliloquy, while he watched their ghostly antics and vainly endeavored to solve their ancestry.

For some reason I did not read poetry until I was nearly grown. A friend lent me *Evangeline*, and then I read *Lady of the Lake*, both of which I have read many times since.

I cannot help feeling sorry for the children of this age, who wade through such quantities of impossible adventures, in the books presumably written for children, when real history is so much more interest-

ing. I am not sure that I quite approve of writing down to children. Better let the child climb up a little if the reading is above him. One of my great-nephews criticized Charles Lamb's *Bible Stories* in these words:

"Mamma, I don't yike 'em. I *love* the beholds! 'Behold, I had a dweam!'"

My observation leads me to believe that if children do not read history in the leisure of childhood and early youth, they never will. Life at the present day is such a complex, crowded existence that there is little time for serious reading, or even thinking. The habitual bridge player or the frequenter of matinées spends the day with meager results to show for it.

After my father's attack of typhoid, his sight was so impaired that he read very little, and, when I was old enough, it was one of my pleasures to read the paper to him every day. I did this for several years, and the habit became so fixed that I am never quite happy now unless I see the daily paper. I contend that we are making history as fast, if not faster, than we ever were, and, as a matter of general intelligence, we must keep up with current events.

I sometimes found the Presidents' Inaugurals a little trying, and when Kossuth flooded the American press with his interminable addresses, my voice

nearly gave out, for father wanted to hear every word the patriot had said.

There was a preacher in our community who used to preach long, rambling sermons, and sometimes he printed them in the form of tracts and distributed them among the members of our Society. He wrote in short, jerky sentences, often with no apparent relation of ideas between them, so when I read the tracts to father I tried skipping the alternate lines, which did not seem materially to destroy the sense; so, if I got tired, I read only every third line with great success. I beg pardon of the writer and the listener, but there was so little meaning to start with that no great harm was done.

While speaking of this rather eccentric preacher, I recall an incident that made a strong impression on my mind. It was an extremely warm August morning, at one of our Quarterly Meetings. Our friend had taken nearly the whole time of the meeting with one of his longest sermons, taking for his subject, "The simplicity of Godliness," which he proceeded to prove by a perfect avalanche of quotation from Genesis to Revelation. He tore off his coat and unbuttoned his waistcoat, and, with raised voice and excited gesticulations, kept on for more than an hour. When he sat down there must have been many inaudible sighs of relief.

Presently a sweet-faced young woman arose, and

in a clear musical voice said: "Why feed us with chaff?" It was like a bolt from a clear sky, and the meeting got very still. In the same even tones she continued for several minutes expressing her understanding of true religion, and its application to our daily life. As she took her seat, I am sure many of us felt that the morning had at last brought us a message worth hearing.

Our soul-satisfying young speaker was afterwards well-known as Dean Bond of Swarthmore.

CHAPTER III

REMINISCENCES OF MY FORBEARS

WHEN I was some eight or nine years of age occurred the first great temperance movement. It began, I think, in Baltimore by the formation of the "Washingtonian Society," and swept like a great wave over the whole country.

Jonathan P. Coffin, a cousin of father's, was one of the first to take the pledge. He had wasted the best years of his life, a slave to his passion for drink, and, when he reformed, resolved to spend his remaining days in reclaiming others. On one of his visits to us, he was allowed to hold a temperance meeting in our Friends' Meeting-House.

Father and Uncle Matthew had for many years derived their chief income from the sale of rectified cider, made from the apples which grew on the farm, thus costing very little except time and labor. It had not occurred to anyone that there was anything wrong in the occupation. Another man in the neighborhood, named Darius Knapp, had a cider mill also, and sold the same kind of cider.

At the close of the meeting I speak of, when the temperance pledge was brought to Darius for his signature, he passed it on, remarking loud enough for father to hear, "I will wait until John signs it." Father said in a flash it came to him that he was a stumbling-block in the way of that man, who had two sons on the downward road, from too much indulgence in drink, and he called out: "Darius, I am ready to sign *now*."

The next day, with Uncle Matthew's entire approval, the air was admitted to the casks, and soon the sparkling cider was all turned to vinegar, which was sold at half the former price.

I have written the particulars of this transaction because it was so like father to yield to an evident duty, regardless of consequences. Among his neighbors his name was the synonym for integrity, and he was often appointed guardian for orphan children. He was a practical and successful farmer, more progressive than many about him. I know that he had the first mower that was used in our community, and one of the first threshing-machines. My grandfather Finch lived two miles away, but he walked over to see the thresher work. After watching it in silence for some time, he remarked, "John, I don't like it; it tears the straw all to bits," and for several years longer the wheat in his own barn was beaten out with flails in the old-fashioned way.

I have not spoken of mother's people. Her mother was Polly Lyon, the daughter of Thomas Lyon, a merchant who, for those days, was in very good circumstances, so that there were servants for the housework, and the five daughters spent their time in sewing and spinning fine linen; though they were married so young there was little time for anything—my grandmother was seventeen, and one sister only fifteen. They all lived to be over eighty, and some of them saw great-great-grandchildren.

Their mother, who was Benjamina Jacobs, was of Holland descent, and was rather a remarkable woman. She lived in the days of John and Charles Wesley, and was a devout Methodist, wearing the plain dress of the early converts, and always using "thee" and "thou." I have heard mother say that her grandmother had a heavy suit of mouse-colored hair, which never turned gray, and which she wore coiled in a sort of crown on top of her head. Her dress was usually dark home-spun linen, and over it she wore a white linen apron, as long as the gown, and a white kerchief crossed over the breast. I would give much for a photograph of her, thus attired, discussing theology and moral philosophy, as was her wont, with the ministers and scholarly men who sought her acquaintance. She raised ten children, but they do not seem to have interfered with her intellectual pursuits. I may mention here

that an ancestor of the elder Harper publishers was Peter Lyon, a brother of my great-grandfather.

When Grandmother Finch was married, they went to live at the homestead, which was still the home of grandfather's aged father and mother, an invalid brother, and one or two other relatives. Grandmother has often told me of her first experiences as a housekeeper. Her husband taught her how to make and bake bread in the large brick oven, and she got an English weaver to teach her to weave damask table-linen and cotton and wool bed-covers, and then she said to her husband, "Reuben, I want thee to attend to thy crops and pay for the farm, and I will support the family."

And she did, though there were nine children, and the old people were helpless for many years. Her great energy and sunny nature took her through all difficulties, and, though grandfather was most apt to see the dark side, she never lost hope. Her two youngest daughters were born after mother's marriage, so we and our little aunts were playmates. When we had differences, grandmother settled them by asking us to drop the subject, adding her favorite maxim, "The least said, the quickest mended."

When water-rams came into use it occurred to grandmother's practical mind that the water from an ice-cold spring at the foot of a steep hill could be thrown up to a dairy near the house, and save her

daughters much labor. But then came the difficulty of persuading grandfather that the plan was feasible. He was quite certain that it was impossible, but to gratify her, gave her the means, and in due time the ditches were dug, the pipe was laid, and the ram set. Grandfather was notified that the water was to be let into the pipe, and, leaning on his cane, he walked slowly down the hill. As the ram began to give its measured beats, grandmother was all excitement, so gratified that she had persevered until the scheme was a reality, but grandfather shook his head, remarking, "Water never runs uphill."

When they returned to the house, the water was running into the tank. He watched it awhile and turned away saying, "It will not run a week." Strangely enough, within a week a heavy rain flooded the ram, and of course stopped it. That was the dear old man's golden opportunity. "There, Polly, thee has flung thy money away!"

Grandmother was very fond of flowers, and had the old-fashioned sorts in great profusion. I remember her beds of scarlet poppies, and the blue and white canterbury bells. But her greatest success was with fruit-trees; there were long rows of cherry trees, harvest pears, and, best of all, sweet-bough apple-trees, all of her own grafting. I have often wondered if my love of growing things was an inheritance from my grandmother.

When I was about twelve years of age, Uncle Matthew died of consumption, after an illness of six years. When he found that he could not recover, he and father divided the farm, and he settled his affairs as nearly as possible, and then said he would live as long as he could; that low spirits should not shorten his days.

We had stopped attending the public school, and Eliza and I went as day-scholars to a small boarding-school near us. Our teacher, Mehitable Chase, taught me botany, and I made my first herbarium while a mere child. I had quite decided that I would some day be a teacher, and, as a beginning, the summer that I was thirteen I had a school of five little girls, whom I taught six hours a day for six months. About this time, Eliza went to teach in the family of Captain Henry Adams, who lived near Albany. They were Friends, and were originally from New Bedford, Mass.

CHAPTER IV

MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK

IN the fall of 1848, when I was about fifteen years of age, I was invited by my cousin, Sarah Clark, of Hudson, New York, to spend a day in New York City. If I were asked to name the event in my life that had made the most lasting impression, it would unquestionably be that visit. We went from Hudson on the night boat, the old *Columbia*, long before the *Oregon* or the *Hendrik Hudson* was built, but to my inexperienced eyes it was a wonder of elegance and comfort. I had never before taken a meal at a public table, and the supper, with the colored waiters, seemed luxurious.

We left the boat early and went at once to Castle Garden, where the annual fair of the American Institute was being held. I cannot recall what was on exhibition, but I do remember how interested I was in the shipping on the bay—I had never seen a large body of water or vessels of any kind. That was years before Castle Garden was used as an immigrant depot.

Next we visited the old Dusseldorf gallery of

paintings. The collection was not large, but I know now that some of the pictures were very good. There were several by eminent Dutch artists.

Then we walked some distance on Broadway, and stopped in front of the Astor House to admire its vast proportions. We lunched at Taylor's Saloon, the most fashionable restaurant of its day. It seemed palatial, with its paneled walls and mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling. My delight reached the climax when Cousin Sarah ordered ice-cream, which I had never tasted, but alas! I was so heated from walking in the sun, the cream nearly gave me a chill, and it had to be followed by a cup of coffee!

Then we went into John Street to do some shopping. Department stores and women clerks had not been introduced, and the same clerk served us till we had finished our purchases, a method which I still think more satisfactory than being passed on to a dozen clerks in one store. I do not remember seeing street cars, though there may have been a few horse-cars, but the great lumbering stages ran on Broadway and the Bowery.

One of the chief attractions to country people was Barnum's Museum, on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street. The educated seal and the "happy family," on the first floor, were especial objects of interest. It was no uncommon thing for parties to take a lunch basket and spend the day. It is re-

lated that, on one occasion, the crowd was so great that Mr. Barnum, with his ready wit, had "Egress" painted on one of the doors, and the eager sight-seers, thinking it some new attraction—possibly a giant or a mermaid—crowded in, to find themselves on the way to the street. When, in 1865, the building was destroyed by fire, Ned, the seal, perished in the flames.

How little did I then dream of the changes that sixty years would bring to the city—the elevated road and the subway, skyscrapers, bridges and tunnels, telephones, elevators, gas and electric lights, automobiles and airships, great department stores, sewing-machines, ready-made clothing, photographs, moving pictures, and a thousand other inventions and conveniences that we now think indispensable.

We heard very little about millionaires, and multi-millionaire was an unknown term. We were told that John Jacob Astor was the richest man in America, and that the little town of Astoria, the only settlement in the "Northwest Territory," was where he laid the foundation of his colossal fortune.

At the age of sixteen, I was much delighted at receiving a scholarship in the State Normal School at Albany. I entered in November, 1849, and, after an examination, chiefly in mathematics, was much surprised to find myself in the graduating class, being next to the youngest member of a class of sixty.

By studying very hard (often late into the night), I graduated the following September and received the State Diploma.

In the autumn of 1851, I was asked by Samuel M. Janney of Goose Creek (now Lincoln), Loudoun County, Virginia, to teach in his girls' boarding school, called Springdale, but I declined, on account of my youth and inexperience.

My sister Eliza went to the Virginia school, and I taught during the winter in the high school at Old Chatham, a small town two miles from my home. Of my forty-five scholars, thirty were large boys, some of them older than myself, and I worked every hour out of school, and took them through several branches of mathematics which I had not previously studied. Thanks to my perfect health, I did not break down, but I do not recommend that mode of procedure to young teachers.

Eliza remained in Virginia for two years, and, after a year at home, returned to Springdale as the wife of John Janney, Samuel's oldest son.

During the year 1853, our first great Exposition was held in New York City, in the "Crystal Palace." Eliza and I spent a day there, and I think we went through every department in the twelve hours we were in the building. I was most impressed with the statuary. Thorwaldsen's group of *Christ and the Twelve Apostles* was fine, and Powers's *Greek Slave*,

Proserpine, and *The Fisher Boy* attracted much attention. A section of the bark of a California redwood was set up, giving room within for a piano and thirty persons. There was no Japanese department, but a few articles of lacquer work were shown by the Dutch, they being, at that time, the only people who held any intercourse with the Japanese.

During the year that Eliza was at home, our brother William was married to Caroline Coleman of Ghent, Columbia County, New York.

CHAPTER V

GOING TO FAIR HILL

THE next year (1854), I was offered a position as teacher in the Fair Hill Boarding School for girls near Sandy Spring, Montgomery Co., Maryland. The school was under the care of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends, and William Henry Farquhar and his sister, Mary Kirk, were the principals. Mother did not quite approve of my going so far from home, but finally gave her consent. As for me, I was delighted with the prospect of seeing new people and places. I thought I was going South, so did not provide much winter clothing, a mistake that I never repeated.

It may be of interest to you, who think nothing of making the trip from New York to Washington on the Congressional Limited in five hours, to hear what a journey from Chatham to Sandy Spring was like in 1854.

I left my home in Chatham in the afternoon, and rode five miles in the carriage to East Chatham; then on the Hudson and Berkshire R. R. to Hudson, where I took the night boat to New York, arriving

a little before daylight. The captain put me in a carriage to go down to Pier No. 1, where a boat for South Amboy left about six o'clock. It was still dark, and I remember he held his lamp in the doorway, and told me to get out my change for the driver, or I would be giving him one dollar gold pieces for ten cents. (Gold dollars are not so troublesome nowadays.) I had never been down the bay, and the passage through the Kills was like a journey through fairyland, and I thought it strange that any of the passengers were willing to miss the scenery just to eat breakfast. The same feeling came to me, fifty years later, while sailing through the Inland Sea of Japan.

At South Amboy, we took the cars for Philadelphia, crossing the Delaware at Camden on a ferryboat. A carriage took me across the city to the railroad station. We passed Girard College, which the driver pointed out with some pride. I do not think we had dining cars then, for, at Wilmington, sandwiches and other eatables were brought into the train. At Havre de Grace we were transferred to a large ferryboat, the passengers down in the saloon and the baggage trucks on the upper deck. When we reached Baltimore, the engine was detached, and six mules, with bells on their collars, were attached to each car, and thus we went jingling our way across the city to the Camden Street Station,

from which a private carriage took me to the old National Hotel. The landlord, Robert Coleman, seeing my name and home address on the book, came at once to the parlor, and, with the most genial manner, said:

"I have come to ask if you are the daughter or granddaughter of my old friend, Uncle Uriel Coffin? In my boyhood I often went to Chatham, and I loved the place and the dear old people."

Mr. Coleman was afterward the proprietor of the Eutaw House, where, for ten years, I stopped on my way either north or south, and always found him the same kind and attentive host.

The next morning a carriage took me to the station, where I boarded a train to Laurel, then by carriage again to Sandy Spring, making in all at least a dozen changes. But I was young and self-reliant and found it all interesting. In fact, when the bridge over the Susquehanna was built, I missed the nice hot supper we could always get while crossing on the boat.

William Henry Farquhar met me, by arrangement, at the Eutaw House, and was with me the rest of the way. We got to his home at noon, and I stayed the afternoon and night there. I felt a long way from home and their kind reception was gratefully appreciated.

An incident of that ride remains in my mind. As we were leaving the station in Baltimore, a young

man appeared at our car window, and, handing a book to my companion, called out:

"You must read these, they are fine."

The young man was Moncure D. Conway, who was later known in America and England as a Unitarian minister of decided ability.

The book was Emerson's *Essays*, just out, and making a great sensation in literary New England.

As we left Laurel and were going slowly over a stretch of sandy road, Mr. Farquhar asked me to read to him, which I did for some time, when he stopped me saying that I must be tired, and that he wanted to show me some of their pretty country. We had reached the "Manor," which included the homes of Friend Caleb Stabler and several of his sons, who were evidently very good farmers. From there on to "The Cedars"—his own place—he pointed out the homes of the various Friends, including two houses built of brick brought from Holland, in early Colonial days.

I found it all interesting, but I was surprised to find Sandy Spring really meant a whole neighborhood, though there was a very small village of that name.

Near by was the Friends' Meeting-House, a substantial brick building, but the store and post office building was very small, as well as the few dwellings in the vicinity. The present much-improved condi-

tion and size of the village does credit to the progressive tendencies of the community.

I did not know, until at the end of the school term when I went to Laurel on my way home, that my reading the day I came had prevented me from getting an unfortunate first impression of that country, as I would have done had I seen the old fields, on which nothing grew but scrub pines and sedge.

The next morning I went up to Fair Hill, where I spent eleven happy and, I hope, useful years. The attendance at the school averaged forty-five, about one fourth of the number being Friends. They were generally the daughters of farmers in the county, though a few lived in Washington and Alexandria. Among them were many bright, interesting girls, and, as they often returned several years in succession, my interest in them became very real. We meet with mutual pleasure, and I am always "Miss Mary" to my old pupils.

During my first year at Fair Hill, one of my most interesting scholars was Mary S. Hallowell, a niece of the principals and daughter of Benjamin and Margaret Hallowell of Alexandria, Va. She was a girl of strong character, painstaking and almost morbidly conscientious. Friends' children were not often taught music, but she sang very sweetly and made a large collection of Scotch songs, most of which she committed to memory.

Her health was never strong and, four years after her marriage to William S. Brooke of Sandy Spring, she died, leaving two little daughters, Caroline M. and Mary H., whose stepmother I became later. Of all my scholars, none has ever had a warmer place in my heart.

Dolly Edmonstone Waters was also one of my first scholars at Fair Hill. She came to us a little girl of ten, and remained until she was seventeen, so she seemed a part of the institution. All those years she sat next to me at table, and helped me with the coffee cups and dessert, and she could always be relied upon to help in any other way. If a new scholar was homesick, Dolly was the one to cheer her; thanks to her cheerful nature, she scattered sunshine in her path, and was sadly missed when her school days were over. Years after, when the Confederate General Stuart swept through Sandy Spring on his way to Antietam, gathering up all the serviceable horses in his path, Dolly, by her persuasive eloquence, induced him to pass by her old teacher's stable.

Though a decided Southern sympathizer, she married a Union officer, and wandered over the United States from one military post to another, no doubt dispensing cheerfulness wherever they happened to be stationed. After her husband's death, she visited Europe with a Fair Hill school-

mate, and died, rather suddenly, during the return voyage. When she left school, she and a few of her most intimate classmates presented me with a large and beautifully cut cameo pin, which I have worn all these sixty years.

We often had very young scholars, generally orphans who needed care, who always slept in the room which opened from mine, and, if the guardians had reported a tendency to croup or any other sudden ailment, I kept the remedies close at hand.

I remember one dear little girl, who was not strong, but who had an unusually bright mind. She had to stand on a chair to reach the blackboard, but could draw from memory most of the countries of the world, and her retention of long botanical names was phenomenal. Her home had always been in the city, and she did not know the common names of the wild flowers at all, but, when we went out for specimens, I would hear her childish voice calling: "Miss Mary, I have found a polygonatum," or some other many-syllabled name.

But if I begin to record all that I remember of "my girls" I will never get to other matters. One thing I will say for myself, which is that I seldom fail to recognize them, though years may have passed since they were my pupils.

The monotony of school-life was pleasantly broken,

at the end of every six weeks, by an outing called "visiting day," at which time reports—or "character papers," as the girls called them—were sent to their parents. Those who lived near went home, often taking their most intimate schoolmates with them. Frequently I spent a day at the "Cedars," the home of our principal, and they were always pleasant occasions. Sometimes I accompanied one of the scholars.

I recall such a visit during my first year in the school, to "Willow Grove," the home of my future husband and his parents, Roger and Sally Brooke. It made more impression because it was my first acquaintance with a typical Southern family. Mary Brooke was a scholar, and I had met Patty, an older sister, but I did not know the rest of the family. I got there about dark, and was kindly welcomed by my host and hostess and "Aunty," whose home was with them, and was introduced to the Grandmother Pleasants and Aunt Poll, who were on a visit from Richmond, Virginia.

As supper time drew near, the sons began to come in until I had counted six, and there was one *little* daughter. I thought to myself, "Has this family any limit?" At least fifteen sat down to supper, the young people helping each other and chatting in subdued tones. After supper, Cousin Thomas Stabler and his son James came to call on the grand-

mother, whom they addressed as "Cousin Peggy," and she called James "Cousin Jeems."

Little Debbie and Alban, the latter four years old but still in kilts, played some quiet game under the table, indulging now and then in a repressed titter, which no one seemed to hear, and the others were variously employed, while the mother's face was serenity itself.

I marveled then, as I have often done since, at that quiet patience which no circumstances ever disturbed. I am certain every one of those nine children cherished only happy memories of their childhood, as well as the deepest love and reverence for their parents.

When I went to Fair Hill, the family consisted of Richard and Mary Kirk, two little children, Charles and Sarah, and their aunt, Phœbe Farquhar. A few years later two little girls were born, named Margaret and Marian, both interesting children, though very unlike. Margaret, dark-eyed and imaginative, could recite long poems with the manner of a trained elocutionist, before she talked plainly. Marian was a jolly blue-eyed baby, very sweet and affectionate, but not at all precocious. The summer that Margaret was five and Marian two and a half, they both died, within the same week, of diphtheria. I had known and loved them all their little lives, and it was very hard to part from them. With

their mother, her passionate sorrow was followed by a deep interest in all children, especially those that were not strong, and her Christian resignation gave an added sweetness to her face and gentleness to her manner.

Before I went to Maryland, I had never seen a slave. My only knowledge of the institution had been obtained from books. Of course the Friends employed only the free colored people, and they were paid wages and were generally taught to read, there being no public schools for either white or colored children in Maryland at that time.

I often had pupils, during out-of-school hours, among the servant women and the young colored men on the place. Their great desire was to be able to write their own letters and read their Bibles for themselves.

The parents of many of our pupils were slave owners, and when these servants came to the school, as drivers of the family carriage, it was apparent that their owners looked after their health and conduct. I recall one little girl, not over twelve years of age, who, having recently lost her mother and fearing that the colored people at home might not have their usual Christmas presents, knit on heavy socks all of her spare time for weeks.

But they were slaves, and as such were subject to all the possibilities of their condition.

I had been in Maryland some two or three years, when I was inexpressibly shocked to hear that a colored man, whom I had frequently seen in the employ of his master, had that day been sold to a Georgia dealer, and had been hurried away without even taking leave of his wife and children. It was difficult to believe that such a thing could happen in so intelligent a community, but of course it was a common occurrence among slave owners, and the laws of the State sanctioned it. Thank God that our country is at last in reality "The Land of the Free"!

In the fall of 1868, my sister Julia, then about seventeen, returned to Fair Hill with me as a pupil. She had an exceptionally bright mind, and was so quick in mathematics that her teachers sometimes found it difficult to follow her rapid calculations. One of her congenial classmates was Susan J. Cunningham, who was for many years Professor of Mathematics at Swarthmore College.

A few weeks before the close of that school term, Sister Carrie, William's wife, died suddenly, leaving three little boys, and about the same time Eliza's husband, John Janney, who had been an invalid for two years, passed away, leaving two little children. When vacation began, Eliza and her children went home with us, and as mother was taking care of two of William's children, there were four in the

house under four years of age. We afterward called it the "baby summer," for we found visiting and entertaining both quite impossible.

Two years later, William was married to Susan F. Robinson of Ghent, Columbia County, and came to live on the farm, father having bought back the part that had been Uncle Matthew's. He had remodeled the old house, which, following the style of 1800, had an immense stone chimney in the middle, and open fires in all the surrounding rooms. I remember what lovely games of hide-and-seek we children used to have, slipping from room to room around that chimney.

About the first of July of every year I went home to spend three delightful months. The chestnut trees were always in bloom, and to this day, when I see the trees whitening, I feel like packing my trunk for a journey.

The psychology of schoolgirls is an interesting study. Any teacher of experience—and my own included six hundred girls—learns that emotional attacks rapidly become epidemic.

Our Sundays, when inclement weather prevented churchgoing or walking on the lawn, were a little hard to dispose of. When the girls were tired of reading, and the home letters were finished, the evening was a favorable time for homesickness. I recall one Sunday night when I found nearly twenty

weeping audibly,' and as many more just ready to join them. Finding myself unable to check such a flood of tears, I reported to the principal, who immediately assembled the whole school, and, after telling them how sorry she was that we had not been able to make them happy, she said that of course they could not study in that frame of mind, and the best plan would be for any who were so unhappy to write at once to their parents to take them home.

This was unexpected advice; no letters were written, and there was never a recurrence of a homesick epidemic.

Another tearful occasion was when a girl from the West was leaving school. She had been a universal favorite, and her schoolmates, feeling that Chicago was so *very* far off they would never, never see Virginia again, had obtained permission to get up in the early morning to see her off. The stage to take her to the train came to the door at four o'clock, in the dark of a winter morning. I found over forty girls, all with streaming eyes, taking leave of her. Poor Virginia had wept herself to the point of exhaustion, and, when a second round of farewells began, her brother lifted her bodily into the stage and bore her off. With a mental resolution concerning the future, I sent the girls back to bed, and I was not surprised to find at the breakfast table that most of them were as composed and cheerful as need be.

I mention these incidents to show the importance of teaching the young self-control.

I was always troubled if I thought my scholars were not interested in their studies. I felt that, in some way, it must be my fault. On one occasion, after struggling with poor recitations for some days, I took my troubles to the principal. She asked if I could guess at any cause, and I answered that I had two theories, one of which was that they were reading novels. She assembled the school and asked to see what reading matter they had brought from home, and there was a pile of *New York Ledgers* a yard high! Mrs. Southworth was then furnishing that paper with her most blood-curdling serials. I did not read them, but I remember one title was *The Black Avenger of the Spanish Main.* I can imagine, after reveling in a tale of that exciting nature, that a young girl would find grammar and geography stale and unprofitable.

I hope I am not giving a wrong impression, for the larger number were earnest, conscientious students, who did themselves and us the greatest credit.

To show that young people can be taught self-control, I will mention that one morning, while at breakfast, we saw that the trunk-room over the schoolroom was on fire, and, though the girls saw the smoke pouring from the room and the men carrying water, I succeeded in quieting them and keeping

them at the table until the fire was put out. One girl whispered: "May I get my father's picture from my trunk? There is no other," but I quietly said: "Sit still." And when it was all over, I praised them for being so obedient, and proved to them that, if they had crowded into the burning room, the men could not have broken through the floor to reach the flames.

My precious girls! I wonder if, after fifty years, they remember all those happenings as vividly as I do?

CHAPTER VI

THE CIVIL WAR

IN 1861, when the Civil War came on, the excitement that existed throughout the country could not be kept out of the school. Divided as the girls were in sentiment, the only way to preserve peace and harmony, and to gain any degree of attention to school duties, was to forbid all discussion. We had over forty scholars all the term, but when, on the 19th of April, the Massachusetts troops were fired on in the streets of Baltimore, and the railroad bridges over the Bush and Gunpowder rivers were destroyed, our patrons, especially Southern sympathizers, took alarm and withdrew their children. At the end of two weeks we had but fourteen scholars left.

The next year we had less than twenty, but they were exceptionally bright, interesting girls, nearly all in the highest class, and the small number made the school seem like a family. The close friendships formed that year have lasted to the present time.

One of the oldest girls, that term, was Maria Weaver, a great-niece of President Buchanan. He

was educating her, and used to write her quaint, formal letters, full of sage advice. In one of them he wrote: "If you really wish to subscribe yourself my affectionate niece, please do not abbreviate the word. I prefer to have it written out."

Maria used to tell me how fastidious her Uncle James was in the matter of dress. Though often a martyr to rheumatism, he never failed to change from his study-gown to his coat for meals, even for breakfast, and he requested his nieces to be properly dressed, adding, "I do not wish the ladies of my family to appear at table in wrappers."

His niece, Miss Harriet Lane, who had accompanied him to foreign legations, and, during his administration, presided at the White House, was always handsomely dressed.

Need we wonder that a man who attached such importance to trivial matters proved incapable of preventing the rebellion?

To keep the girls happy and their minds from dwelling on the disquieting condition of the country, I adopted the plan of telling them stories in the twilight before supper, and, while my hands were busy knitting warm stocking for the soldiers, I repeated whole volumes. *Queechy*, *The Wide, Wide World*, and *The Lamplighter* occupied many evenings, and for the older ones, books of travel and conquest—such as Dr. Kane's polar search for Sir

John Franklin, and Cortez in Mexico and Peru—were drawn on, and some of the scenes were reproduced in tableaux.

I remember one Saturday, when we were all depressed by a recent defeat of our troops, Mrs. Kirk suggested that we should prepare some tableaux for the evening, and invite some of the neighbors, as she said, to give them something else to think about except our country's disasters. We had several scenes, among them one where Mrs. Partington is telling some of her friends over their tea cups how troops were being "thrown into Sumter. The poor bedizened creatures! it was bad enough to have to fight, without being pitched about in that rough way!"

But the scene most admired was called "With all the meeting looking on I held his hand in mine," the marriage scene in Bayard Taylor's *Quaker Widow*. The bride was Nettie Bailey of Washington, an old Fair Hill scholar. She was a beautiful girl with coal-black hair and eyes as blue as the sky. I dressed her in a gray silk dress and crape shawl of her grandmother's, and a little drab bonnet, making the sweetest possible picture. Roger Farquhar was the groom.

On Saturday mornings, reading was one of the most pleasant features of school life. The girls called it "Sewing School," because they did their

weekly mending and various kinds of fancy-work, canvas work and the knitting of doilies and tidies being then much the fashion. While they worked, I read to them, fiction for one hour and history or travel the rest of the morning. My early reading was of use then, as I could judge what would be likely to interest them.

We had a small library, including several volumes of Littell's *Living Age*, which gave us the works of many living English writers. Miss Mulock, Mrs. Oliphant, and others of note were among the contributors. Sometimes poetry took the place of romance, and the girls were allowed a choice in the selections. Longfellow and Scott were their favorite poets. I read *Hiawatha* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* repeatedly and *Evangeline* so often that I knew pages by heart.

I have often wondered if, in our modern schools, where the number of teachers is greater and the whole system more complex, there can be that intimate sympathy that existed between my girls and me.

Our choice of light for the schoolroom was limited to candles, lard oil lamps, and benzine lamps. Of course benzine gave the best light, but was too unsafe. I was not willing to have one of the last named lamps on my own desk, for the responsibility of other people's children is a grave one. So the small

lard lamps were distributed through the room, one to every three or four girls, and, as they used slates for their examples, I don't see why their eyes were not ruined.

But the happy day came when coal oil was discovered, and a refined and quite expensive oil was put on the market. The proprietor of the school at once procured it, and four large suspended lamps almost made daylight. I felt as if the millennium had come. The lamps required very careful management, which I could not trust to others, but that was a small matter, they were such a treasure. Students who have always used gas or electric lights do not appreciate their blessings.

Thus, in my one lifetime, I can remember all the different means of lighting the home, from the smoky, malodorous whale-oil lamps of my earliest childhood to the brilliant incandescent lamps of this period.

While on the subject of light, I feel like recording what a traveled friend has told us of the influence of better lighting on the character of the people of Northern Europe. Before the introduction of kerosene, and when they had not yet learned to use their abundant water-power for the production of electricity, the Norwegians were a grave, somber people, but the new and better lights have changed their long sunless winters into cheerful seasons, during

which they can follow many occupations that were before impossible, and the people themselves seem changed in nature.

During all the four stormy years of the war I traveled back and forth between my home in Chatham, N. Y., and the school, at the usual times, but under changed conditions. In passing through Baltimore I still stayed at the Eutaw House, which had become Military Headquarters, though sometimes I was the only woman in the hotel omnibus, and every man wore a shoulder strap. Once I happened to be at the Eutaw when the Governors of all the loyal States were spending the night there, on their way to Washington to congratulate President Lincoln on his Emancipation Proclamation. General Wool held a reception in the parlor, and, while it was going on, Mr. Coleman asked me to walk up and down the corridor with him, while he told me who they were, as they went up to be presented. They were mostly middle-aged, fine-looking men, several of whom I had seen in Congress. In marked contrast to many of them, was the boyish-looking Governor Sprague of Rhode Island. His great wealth had enabled him to raise and equip a regiment, which he commanded, and he had married Kate Chase, the brilliant daughter of the Chief Justice, but nevertheless he lacked many of the qualities that make a noble man. That

night, his chief concern seemed to be to find the way to a theater.

Again and again, Maryland was saved from seceding by the firmness of Governor Swan, who persistently refused to call a State convention, knowing full well that the Southern sympathizers would probably outvote the Unionists. The State was several times under martial law, and, if that happened to be the case when I passed through Baltimore on my way North, I had to go to the Provost Marshal's office and take the oath of allegiance, and then enter the cars under crossed bayonets, held by two inspectors who received our passes. Once, on the night train from New York to Washington, there were but two women besides myself, and we carried fifteen hundred raw recruits that had been mustered from the slums of New York City. They were ragged and dirty beyond description, some hatless and bootless, a sorry lot indeed to win glory for our flag. The ladies' car was crowded with uniformed men, but I slept peacefully the most of the night.

Fair Hill was an old house and often the cannonading on the upper Potomac, or even firing in platoons in practice, would rattle the windows with a suddenness that was a little hard on one's nerves, especially as it was necessary to maintain an appearance of composure. I learned to carry a non-committal

face, and to go on as if armies were not marching and counter-marching up and down the land. The Friends are not a fighting people, but Sandy Spring proved her loyalty in many ways. Not only were war taxes cheerfully paid, but, in the early days of the conflict, before hospitals were established, the sick and wounded near us were supplied with suitable clothing and food.

My sleeping room was at the head of the steps that led up from the front hall, which was never lighted, and, as tales of deserters and guerrillas were always afloat, I never undressed at night until I was satisfied that my room had no stray occupants. I had in my possession a few government bonds, for which I was greatly concerned to find a safe hiding-place. Trunks and bureau-drawers were not to be considered, but, at last, I discovered that there was a depressed brick in my hearth, under the carpet, and I obtained a thin box which just fitted in and made the surface level. There my precious bonds were safely hidden for many months. Of course there never was a raid, and small probability that there would be one, but months and years of anxiety and suspense unstring the strongest nerves.

When droves of beef cattle were driven past the house, on their way to our neighboring farmers to be fattened for the army, the bellowing of the cattle, the galloping of the twenty horsemen in charge, and

the barking of a score of dogs bringing in strays, made a pandemonium that rendered sleep impossible. In fact, I learned to sleep so lightly, that the passing of soldiers would waken me.

My husband told me that once, in their absence from home, soldiers went through the house, but nothing was ever missed except the sewing materials from Mary's work-basket, and several photographs of pretty girls, her own included. When General Hooker's brigade passed his farm on their way to Rockville, the soldiers carried away in their knapsacks all of the potatoes from a four-acre field. Willie saw the General in the evening, and was promised remuneration, but a sudden scare in the night sent the army on, and the claim was never satisfied. At Fair Hill, they commandeered the four-horse team and big farm wagon, and, in one night, burned the new rails around an eighty-acre field where they encamped, but I believe that the government eventually made some return.

There was no lack of patriotism at the beginning of the conflict, and the final resort to conscription, in the North, may have been largely due to the fact that, in many of our most populous cities, there was a large percentage of foreigners, who would naturally feel less interest in preserving the Union, "one and inseparable," than native-born Americans.

I happened to pay a visit in Bennington, Vermont,

during the second year of the war. When I attended church, I noticed that nearly every woman in the large congregation was clad in the deepest mourning. I spoke to my hostess about it, and she told me of the large numbers that had volunteered, and that their losses had been heavy; yet the enlisting was still going on.

Early one morning, we were wakened by the rumbling of many vehicles, and saw a great number of large open wagons standing in front of the recruiting station, which was opposite our house. Presently, an orderly standing at the door began calling out names, and the men, fine-looking and almost middle-aged, already in their blue uniforms, came out one by one and silently took their seats in the wagons, until they were filled, when they moved away to join a similar company in a neighboring town, on their journey to the front. There was no music, no shouting or bravado of any sort. The grim silence, the heroic dignity of the manner of their leaving their homes and loved ones, was most impressive.

How many hundreds of men like these are falling each day on the battlefields of Europe! To quote from a little book by Mildred Aldrich, recently written in the north of France, "It is a sorry comment on the so-called civilization of this twentieth century, when governments find no better way of settling disputes than by wholesale slaughter."

We were outwardly cheerful, though often under great discouragement, but when, like a bolt from a clear sky, news of the assassination of President Lincoln and the attack on Secretary Seward came, we put all pretense aside, for, in addition to what had already happened, there was the fear that the conspiracy was widespread. But we grew calmer when we had time to realize that our government was too strong to be upset by a few misguided men.

I remember my feelings the next morning after the sad news reached us. The season was unusually early, and the fruit blossoms were drifting down through the sunshine to the green grass, and the birds were singing, but all this gladness seemed out of place, when our hearts were so overburdened with sorrow.

I saw President Lincoln twice, once at a flag-raising in front of Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., surrounded by the Cabinet which appears in Carpenter's picture, and again at a New Year's Reception at the White House. He stood alone with bowed shoulders, his hands thrust into white kid gloves which reached about halfway to his wrist, mechanically shaking hands with the passing throng, but with a weary, sad face, and a far-off look in his eyes that was most pathetic.

Twice since Lincoln's death has the nation been

shocked by the violent death of its Chief Executive, but never has the excitement equaled that of the 14th of April, 1865.

A few days before the Christmas of 1864, I went home to attend Julia's marriage to Robert Coleman, of Dutchess County, New York. The evening that I reached Chatham the mercury was 20° below zero, and my night ride of five miles from the station will always be remembered. Two days later the weather moderated, and Julia's wedding journey was a sleigh-ride of sixty miles in one day.

In 1865, the school was given up, and I decided to rest from teaching awhile and live at home.

Before leaving the subject of my life at Fair Hill, I want to say that, if I had looked the world over, I do not think I could have found a spot where I could have spent eleven years more pleasantly or, to me, more profitably. The very atmosphere of Sandy Spring was progressive and educational. A Farmer's Club, and a Woman's Mutual Improvement Association—the latter believed to be the first Woman's Club in the United States—had been organized several years before I went there, and a Lyceum Hall followed, where courses of lectures were given, and where our Reading Circle met. Though the weather might be inclement, and the roads in winter almost impassable, we were sure of a good attendance.

Swarthmore College and other institutions of the kind were not then in existence, and the young people were more dependent than now on home culture.

CHAPTER VII

A JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN STATES

EARLY in May, 1866, I started, with father and mother, on a trip through the West, to visit our many relatives there. Father had a brother and sister in Michigan, and mother one sister in Auburn, N. Y., another in Bloomington, Ill., and uncles, aunts, and cousins scattered in between, so that, during the ten weeks of travel, I saw thirteen uncles and aunts, and about fifty cousins, and we stayed only four nights at hotels.

After a week at Aunt Avis Haight's, in southern Michigan, we went to see Uncle Reuben Coffin, who lived on the edge of the pinery, in the northern part of the peninsula. It was my first sight of a new country. The cars took us to St. Johns, a new little town built in fields full of great stumps, but the two-story brick schoolhouse was in evidence there, as in all other western towns. After a most uncomfortable night at a very primitive hotel, we got an open wagon and drove through the "clearing" the remaining twenty-five miles. Five miles of the distance were through marshes which were spanned

by "corduroy" bridges (that is, logs laid together, with no earth over them). Father and I generally walked over the bridges, and I found entertainment in gathering the strange wild flowers, but poor mother got very weary, and it was a relief to all when Uncle Reuben met us, a mile or two from his home, with his cart and oxen. Sitting on the clean straw and cushions we rode comfortably to his log house, where Aunt Hannah and their five children gave us a hearty welcome, and soon set before us such a good supper that I have remembered it all these years. Her coffee and hot rolls and genuine home-made maple syrup were perfect of their kind.

All along the road we had noticed immense stumps of whitewood trees (Liriodendron), and once I measured one and found the diameter to be nearly twelve feet. We stopped at a steam sawmill and watched them move, by machinery, and saw great logs, some six or seven feet in diameter. In a field that my uncle was clearing, large straight elms were lying that measured fifty feet to the first limbs. I asked him what he would do with them.

"Why, burn them, of course," he answered; "what else could I do with them?"

But that very week a portable steam sawmill came to the neighborhood, so I suppose the fine timber was no longer destroyed.

I could not understand, at first, why none of the

beautiful forest trees were left near the houses, until I was reminded that, in a thick growth of timber, the roots are very small in proportion to the height, and isolated trees might easily be blown down.

It was interesting to note the many uses the people made of the whitewood trees. The well-curb and meat house were simply hollow logs, and the washtubs and great vat for holding maple sap, before it was boiled into sugar, were sections of logs hollowed out. I stayed for several days in a neat, comfortable house, that the owner told me he built with his own hands, his tools being a saw, a plane, a hammer, and an iron wedge, the latter to split the logs. The walls were neatly papered and the floors smooth and beautifully white. All that is changed now, and the *new* country has moved much farther north.

After traversing the State by railroad, we took a steamboat at Grand Haven to cross Lake Michigan to Milwaukee. There had been a thunderstorm, with a high wind, in the afternoon, and the lake was so rough, that, instead of enjoying the moonlight on deck, as I had planned, I did not see the lake until we reached Racine, the home of Judge William P. Lyon, who was father's nephew. Their house overlooked the lake, and I often counted thirty steamers and sailing craft passing up and down at one time. There were two children in the family, and a dear

old father who was something of a naturalist, who had, besides preserved specimens, so many crawling and creeping things in his room that I declined writing at his desk.

Our next stopping place was at Chippewa Falls, where I saw a band of Chippewa Indians, both men and women, on their way to the huckleberry fields, where they went every summer to lay in their winter store. I suppose they simply dried them in the sun, as they could have had no other means of preserving them.

Our westward journey ended at La Crosse, where, after spending a few days with Cousin William Lyon's sister, Maria Phelps, we took a St. Paul steamboat for Rock Island. The Mississippi was very low, and it required the greatest care on the part of the pilot to keep the boat from grounding. I spent, by invitation, a part of the morning in the pilot house, and the old man told me many interesting stories of the early days of that country, and his own experiences on the river.

We passed rafts that were at least one fourth of a mile in length, loaded with lumber from northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. They looked like floating villages, with the smoke rising from the tiny cabins, and the children and dogs playing in their log yards. Two facts I learned about the Mississippi, that I ought to have known before: first, that

sailing vessels could not be used on account of the strong currents in the upper course of the river, and second, that the frequent floods make it impossible to have permanent docks or landing places. When we landed, a coil of rope was thrown to the shore, by which a larger one was reached, and a very long gang plank was dragged to the bank. The loading and unloading were done by hand.

At Rock Island, we left the river to visit relatives in central Iowa. I thought the rolling prairies the most beautiful farming country I had ever seen. The wheat was ripe, and eight-horse machines, header and thresher combined, were moving over the large fields. They left the grain in bags, and wagons followed to gather up the piles which were taken to the granaries.

Our week in Chicago was full of interest. The artesian wells had just been bored, and were shown as a great curiosity. The friends whom we visited remembered the town as a little fishing village, and they pointed with pride to the Sherman House which was seven stories in height, and Crosby's New Opera House, with its elaborately carved marble front, was considered worthy of great admiration. I have been told that, in the great fire five years later, the marble melted in the fierce heat like a tallow candle.

The railroad from Chicago to Bloomington was

over a broad expanse of prairie, destitute of tree or shrub. We made the journey at night, during one of the most violent thunderstorms that I remember. There was a strange feeling of loneliness, almost of fear, like being alone on the ocean in a storm. I have never been over that road since, but I am told that the whole region is now thickly settled.

The immense corn-fields around Bloomington excited our wonder. The corn grew so thick and tall that we felt smothered when it lined both sides of the road. To the West, the corn has been almost as important as the rice and bamboo to the Orient. My aunt, whom I was visiting, pointed to a huge mass of cobs, and explained: "That is my wood-pile."

Our journey home was through Detroit and Southern Canada to the Suspension Bridge at Niagara, and over the New York Central to Albany.

I neglected to mention that we spent a day at Niagara on our way West. There was a feeling of disappointment about the height of the Falls. I suppose I did not stay long enough to take in the grandeur, but the beauty of the Rapids, from the Cliff House on the American side, made a lasting impression. For years after, it was a favorite method of inducing sleep to fancy the billows of spray, like a flock of sheep, rushing past me, on and on, never coming to an end.

CHAPTER VIII

MARRIAGE AND LIFE AT AVON

IT was rather pleasant to be at home again, and I was promising myself a comparatively idle winter, when a letter came from William H. Farquhar, asking me to take the Sandy Spring public school for the coming year.

So the last of September found me again in the schoolroom, with nearly seventy scholars, of all ages from six to eighteen. I had an assistant, but it was by far the most laborious year of teaching I have ever known. I have followed, with pride, the career of many of my older boys, but the class that I enjoyed most was one of five children, all about six years of age. I had long believed that, instead of teaching beginners the alphabet, it would be better to give them words and sentences that conveyed ideas, and I tried the experiment on that class with marked success. That method is so common now that few children are martyrs to their A B C's.

At the close of the term (1867), Caroline H. Miller, who was about to open a girls' boarding school at

Stanmore, Sandy Spring, asked Ellen Farquhar and myself to join her as teachers. Then followed four years of unusually pleasant school life. As Ellen and I alternated in our care of the pupils out of school, we each had much time for recreation. She was interested in gardening, and I took charge of the bees. I had learned from my father how to hive the swarms, and they gave us a generous supply of honey.

Francis Miller was studying law in Washington at that time, and therefore took no active part in the school; nevertheless the influence of his strong, sweet character was felt in the home and school. I shall always gratefully remember his and Caroline's never-failing kindness during the four years that I was a member of their family. There were four bright interesting children, whom I found it a great pleasure to teach.

I cannot close this chapter of my life without speaking of one of our scholars, Laura Cox of Hamilton, Bermuda, who was an unqualified satisfaction to me as a pupil, and has been a dear and valued friend ever since. She was among the older scholars, and was thoughtful and persevering as a student, but, out of school, was more of a companion than a pupil. We read together, and, in our walks, hunted wild flowers for analysis, and there resulted an affection that I trust will never know a break. Shortly

before her marriage, we spent a delightful week together among the mountains of Virginia, and visited Harper's Ferry, the Luray Caverns, and the Natural Bridge. On every New Year's morning, in all these forty-five years, each of us has written to the other the happenings of the year.

At the end of the fourth term at Stanmore, I again thought I would rest awhile from teaching, and keep father and mother company in their loneliness. They were in comfortable health, but they missed Julia who, after losing three young children, had gone with her husband and baby Willie to make a new home in Kansas. But

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley,"

and the autumn of that same year found me again in Maryland, not as a teacher, but in my own home at Avon, near Rockville, I having married William S. Brooke on the 26th of October, 1871. Henry Hallowell was the only person from Sandy Spring who was present at our marriage.

His father, Benjamin Hallowell, said that he so entirely approved of the marriage, that, as his years and health prevented his attending it in person, he sent his son as his representative. This was very gratifying to me. He and Margaret came to Sandy Spring to live during my connection with Fair Hill, and we considered it a great favor to have them

among us. He was a man of scholarly attainments, being rated as the second greatest mathematician of the country, and one of the first to give scientific lectures to his students. He also gave many lectures at the Smithsonian Institution. His genial manner and kindness of heart made those who met him forget his great learning and wide reputation.

I remember once he came to see his little granddaughters, and found them saving seeds from the pumpkins that were being fed to the cattle. Their father had promised to sell the seeds for them, and they had visions of wealth. Their grandfather watched them awhile, then he drew out his purse and found a quarter for each child, saying that he had many a time given that for a much poorer show.

My brother and both of my sisters were in the West, but I asked my uncles and aunts and their children, who, with the usual Monthly Meeting's Committee of four, made a company of forty. Of that number not more than three or four are now living.

We took the New York train at Chatham, where I had taught the high school nearly twenty years before, and, to my surprise, a large party of my old scholars had assembled to bid me good-bye. The next day we went to Washington, where our carriage met us, and, by the light of the full October moon, we rode the eighteen miles to Avon. Willie's mother and sister, his two little girls, Carrie and

Mary, aged nine and seven, and Roger and Carrie Farquhar, his nearest neighbors, were there to receive us. We were chilled from our long ride, and I will never forget how I enjoyed the bright open fire and the nice hot supper. Cousin Ellen Farquhar, who was there also, had remembered that I liked stewed chicken and flannel cakes, and we had both. The children, who had been allowed to sit up later than usual, shyly tried to say good-night to "Mama."

The next day we had a large reception, and, though it was late in the season for flowers, several bouquets of beautiful roses were brought me. Carrie stood by me and held them, very proud to act as my bridesmaid.

I was glad to find that Mary had not learned to read, for I had the pleasure of teaching her my own way. By Christmas, she was reading the Franconia Stories, and went through the ten small volumes three times before spring. The next year I asked Sadie Pleasants, mother's orphaned niece, to live with us and study with Carrie.

After another year, I decided that, as there was no suitable school near us, it would rest with me to teach the children, and, knowing that it would be better for them to have classmates, I sent out a little advertisement, principally to my old scholars who had children, and in less than a month my parlor, which I had turned into a pleasant schoolroom, was

comfortably filled with scholars. A few were boarders during the school week. I continued this school for several years, until the older girls, including Carrie and Sadie, took up physical geography, algebra, and geometry, and their recitations would have done credit to a school of greater pretensions.

When I went to Avon, Willie had several cows, but I begged him to increase the number and build a modern dairy, which he did, and for several years we made about sixty pounds of butter each week, which was sold in Washington for from forty-five to fifty cents per pound.

Sometimes, during the summer months, the house was filled with boarders, and there were always several farm hands to be fed in the kitchen, so my life was a busy one, though, generally having good servants, I might have left more to them than I did.

Willie was very fond of gardening, and we always had an abundance of vegetables, and the apple and peach orchards gave us more fruit than we could use. The house was built during the first year of the Civil War, and a pine forest in front had been left as a protection. General Hooker's brigade of twenty thousand men passed along the road, and not a soldier dreamed that a house was behind the thick trees. But now the pines were taken out, leaving groups of the tulip-poplar and ash, and we soon had a beautiful grass-covered lawn. East of

the house, the sloping ground was terraced and made into a rose garden, which I think gave us more pleasure than anything on the farm. Willie's love of flowers seemed almost to give them vitality, for everything he touched grew.

Avon was three miles from Willow Grove and seven from Sandy Spring, where many of our friends lived, but we were fortunate in having one valued family of relatives near us. Willie's cousin, Roger Farquhar, had married Caroline Miller, of Alexandria, Virginia, who was one of my first scholars at Fair Hill, and they lived on the farm next ours. A well-worn path across the fields led from one home to the other, and not many days passed without some intercourse. As the children got old enough to attend school, I had the pleasure of teaching five of their seven to read and write. Their pleasant companionship and neighborly kindness added much to our happiness during our years at Avon.

CHAPTER IX

LIFE AT WASHINGTON GROVE AND WILLIE'S DEATH

IN 1887 we gave up the farm and moved to Mineral Spring, near Washington Grove, where we bought a small place and built a home. Willie had a market garden, Carrie, who had been teaching two years, was now in the office of a patent lawyer in Washington, and I opened a day school. Willie was then offered a position in the Bureau of Animal Industry for the State of Maryland, and his duties took him to Baltimore, thus giving him over a hundred miles of car-riding every day.

It was what would now be termed a strenuous life for all of us. Mary's health had become very frail, but she helped me in many ways.

The work of the Bureau was so thorough that the disease among the cattle was stamped out by the end of the second year, and Willie returned to his old business, which he had always followed in connection with farming, that of buying and selling cattle and sheep. Every year he made journeys to Chicago and to the blue-grass sections of Virginia and Ken-

tucky for stock cattle and mountain sheep, with which to supply the farmers of our vicinity.

Mary becoming more of an invalid, I gave up my school in '91, and did not resume it until after her death, which occurred on July 4, 1893. She had been the most patient of invalids, never murmuring though denied many pleasures that commonly enter into a young girl's life.

Shortly before my marriage, my sister Eliza went, with the family of her father-in-law, Samuel M. Janney, to live in Omaha. He had been appointed, by President Grant, Superintendent of five of the Indian Reservations in Kansas and Nebraska, and Eliza was his secretary, and accompanied him on his semi-annual journeys to pay the annuities to the different tribes. In 1875, she came East and was married to Edward J. Rawson of Brooklyn, New York.

This occasion was in reality a reunion of our widely scattered family. Julia came from Kansas with her little Willie, now four years of age; William and Susan, whose home was in northern Nebraska, where he taught farming on the Pawnee Reservation, were there with their daughter Lucia, so when I joined them we were together for the first time in many years, and it was the last time, for in just a year Eliza and I were there again, without the others, by mother's sick-bed.

She had been failing in strength during the year,

and we now realized that she must soon leave us. I think I never saw more perfect resignation. She was cheerful herself, and would not allow us to grieve over the coming separation. We buried her on New Year's morning, when the sun was shining and the birds singing, as she would have wished. I wonder if we ever fully appreciate our mothers while they are with us? I can see now that hers was a rare nature. She had her full share of trials and disappointments, but I never heard her utter an impatient word, or one of useless regret over the inevitable.

Father remained with his grandson, Charles Coffin, and his wife Elizabeth, for a few months, and then divided his time among his three daughters. He died in June of 1883, in Kansas, while on a visit to Julia. He had requested that his grave should be by mother's in the Friends' burying-ground in Chatham, and we kept the promise we had made him.

In the spring of 1886, I spent a month with Julia in Kansas, going and returning alone. Her husband and a child born in Kansas had died, and her own health was breaking. She came East in '92 when we saw her for the last time. Two years later she passed to the higher life. My brother William had died in Nebraska the year before, so that his widow, sister Susan, Eliza, and I were all that were left of our family.

After our daughter Mary's death, I resumed my school, though now I had only day scholars, and mostly boys nearly grown, who were preparing to enter the high schools of Rockville or Washington. As I especially liked teaching mathematics, I greatly enjoyed that kind of school.

Willie was never very strong, and several spells of grippe made sad inroads on his strength. During the summer of 1898, he had an attack of paralysis, from which he partially recovered, and for a year or more was in comfortable health, when a return of the malady destroyed all our hope of a permanent recovery. Soon after his first illness, we left Mineral Spring and took a house in Kensington, sixteen miles from Washington, that we might be near the railroad, as Carrie still went to the capital every day. During the two years that we lived there, we made many pleasant acquaintances, and I became much interested in a Woman's Club that I assisted in organizing.

From Kensington we moved to Mt. Vernon, near New York City, that Carrie might accept a desirable position that had been offered her in New York. A few months later she had a severe illness and, after recovering from it, was married, on the 22d of February, 1901, to William Dinwiddie, then Sunday editor of the New York *Herald*.

The next year we moved to Washington, D. C.,

where we stayed one winter, when Willie and I went out to Willow Grove to live. He had failed very rapidly during the winter, and on the 24th of June, 1902, his pure life came to a close. On the evening of the 25th, he was buried in our lot at Sandy Spring, where his daughter Mary had been laid nine years before.

In looking back over the thirty-one years of our married life, there is much to be thankful for. We had our full measure of sickness and sorrow, and perhaps a limited allowance of what the world calls success, but the home atmosphere was always one of peace and happiness, and we had many dear, faithful relatives and friends, how many I never realized, until sickness in our family revealed them. The greatest regret is that Carrie should have impaired her health in her unceasing efforts to add to the comfort of our dear invalids.

During the winter of 1897, I learned typewriting, originally to help Carrie, who was doing some evening work at home. In the next three years I did a large amount of work for Caroline H. Dall, a literary woman of Washington, whose early life had been spent in Boston. As she was a contemporary of Whittier, Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, and a host of other notable men and women, what she wrote of her personal intercourse with them was deeply interesting and instructive. I was

afterwards able to assist Carrie in copying her husband's articles for the press, and it illustrates that it is never too late to acquire any useful knowledge.

CHAPTER X

VOYAGE TO THE PHILIPPINES

MY daughter and her husband went to the Philippines soon after Willie and I were settled at Willow Grove, and, when I was left alone, they insisted that I should join them in Manila. It looked to my friends like a long journey for a woman of seventy to take by herself, but I had faith that all would go well. Long-continued anxiety and loss of sleep had told on my strength, but the journey across the continent was so comfortably made and so full of interest, that I reached San Francisco, on the 16th of September, in comparatively good health.

As the *China* was not to sail until the 19th, I spent the three intervening days with Cousin Minnie Coffin and her children and grandchildren. Cousin Minnie took me to see our cousin, Maria Phelps, whom I had last seen at her home in La Crosse, Wis., in 1886. One day we went out to the Cliff House, outside the Golden Gate. On the rocks below us a multitude of great clumsy seals were sleeping in the sun. It puzzled me to know how such huge, helpless-looking creatures could crawl

—or rather wriggle—up the jagged rocks to such a height. The descent was easy, for they simply rolled off into the water, apparently indifferent as to where they would strike. I was told that the year before one of the large males developed cannibal instincts and devoured so many of the young that he had to be destroyed.

Myriads of birds were sitting on the high rocks, or skimming over the water, but we saw no gulls there.

We visited the Sutro Baths, said to be the finest in the world. There is space sufficient for thousands of bathers at once, and at night, under the countless electric lights, when the many pools are filled with bathers of all ages, diving, swimming, or floating on the water, it must be a novel and interesting scene. I cannot think of a better use that a millionaire can make of his money than to give his city free baths.

Sutro Park was a lovely place, with its velvet-like grass, and trees from every clime. It was hard to believe that, a few years ago, this perfectly kept park, as well as much of San Francisco, consisted of bare sand dunes that changed their forms and places with every wind. The process of transforming this desert into a garden is interesting. They plant bunch-grass, then lupines, so that, in the course of time, the soil is held in place and can be fitted to support a luxuriant vegetation.

One of the peculiar trees of that locality is the

eucalyptus, which annually sheds its bark instead of its leaves. That being the season for the change, long strips of bark hung in tatters from the limbs, like the rags of a beggar.

I do not think I would like the climate of San Francisco. The days were like windy September days at home, but the evenings were more like November. We needed blanket shawls in the street cars, and I noticed that ladies going to the theater wore furs; in fact I am told that they are on sale all summer, as the nights are always cold.

When I looked at that large city with its immense trade, its fine public buildings, and its palatial hotels and residences, I thought I must be very old, for I could remember when the early miners lived in tents on its wind-swept hills.

I had seen the Atlantic liners at their docks in New York harbor, but had never boarded one, so the *China*, a fine Oriental steamship, was of itself an object of the deepest interest. I disposed of my baggage, and then stood on the upper deck talking to my cousins, who had come to see me off, and I marveled at the rapidity with which a mountain of trunks disappeared, and the dexterity with which, at the last moment, great wagon-loads of mail sacks were rushed on board. Then the warning bell, the last good-byes, and the great vessel swung out from the wharf and the long voyage began.

I found my steamer chair and sat quietly while we passed down the Bay, out through the Golden Gate, past Sutro Park, and the Sea Cliffs, and at last on to the wide Pacific. So far, I had hardly glanced at the passengers, though I knew that a dozen or more of my fellow-travelers across the continent were on board. There was a party of eight middle-aged ladies, accompanied by a courier, a pleasant young man, who had kindly extended his care to me on several occasions. He mailed my letters, showed me points of interest from the observation car, and gave me the comfortable feeling that, in any emergency, he could be depended on.

Just out of the straits, the sea is nearly always rough, and the decks were soon deserted. I was wondering how I was to get down the steps, when my young friend almost picked me up and took me down to the care of the stewardess. But after that first day we had clear weather and smooth seas, until we reached the typhoon region near Japan.

We had a rather unusual lot of passengers. Besides our "globe-trotters," there were twenty missionaries going to Hawaii and China. Frail-looking women, who had been through the siege of Pekin, were bravely returning to their posts, regardless of a possible repetition of the horrors during that summer of 1900. Then there were several teachers, some to work in the kindergartens of Manila, just

started by Bishop Brent, others to teach in the Normal Schools of the Philippines. Last, but not least interesting, were half a dozen prospective brides, some of whom were married at the ports where we landed, and the rest when we reached Manila. When we first sailed, I pitied the dozen children on board, but they had a very good time. One dear little fellow of eighteen months, in pants, was an exact counterpart of one of Palmer Cox's Brownies.

In the steerage there were four hundred Chinese, mostly old men, going home with the savings of years, to be buried with their ancestors. The ship's crew, table waiters, and cabin boys, were all Chinese. They had been on the *China* for several voyages, and spoke fair English. They *seemed* perfectly reliable, but, noticing that during the fire drills the Captain and all the officers were heavily armed, I inquired the reason. The officer answered: "In case of a real fire, who do you think would have the first chance with our seamen, their four hundred countrymen down in the steerage, or the hundred and fifty 'foreign devils'? If we are always armed they know what to expect."

Six days after leaving San Francisco, we sighted the bare volcanic islands of Hawaii. The cup-shaped summits of the many mountain peaks show where, long years ago, the seething lava sent up smoke and poisonous gases. The city of Honolulu is on the

island of Oahu, which, unlike many of the others, is covered with a luxuriant tropical growth; in fact the tall cocoa palms along the beach half obscure the city. We crossed the bay, carefully keeping to the one safe channel marked by buoys. A remarkable feature was the different colors of the water. There were bands of blue, green, and purple, and the long line of white breakers betrayed the presence of treacherous coral reefs. We finally anchored in deep water at a fine dock, having been entertained, as we neared the shore, by some half dozen native boys who dived for coins, which the passengers threw into the water.

When I inquired why so many of the islands were bare rocks, without a trace of vegetation, I was told that geologists consider them the newest land on the earth's surface, and the disintegration of the volcanic rock has not yet produced sufficient soil to sustain vegetal growth.

We walked through the main streets of Honolulu, visited the fish market to see the famous rainbow fish which lay in glistening, opalescent piles, looked at a fine display of tropical fruits, that were so unknown to us that we did not venture to buy them, then took a trolley car which zigzagged up the side of a mountain called Pacific Heights, from the summit of which the view of the city and harbor was magnificent. Outgoing and incoming vessels and

hundreds of little Japanese fishing junks gave life to the panorama below us, while all around were the strange and beautiful trees and flowers of the tropics. Tall cocoa palms and bread-fruit trees grew on the perfectly kept lawns of the wealthy islanders, and hedges of oleander, scarlet hibiscus, and geraniums were showy and attractive substitutes for fences. We saw natives sitting on the pavements weaving garlands or "lays" of tuberoses, carnations, and other fragrant flowers, which they sold to the passengers of the *China* just before we sailed.

I am sure I never saw such a diversified population as that of Honolulu; beside the native Hawaiians, there were people from both Americas and the West Indies, nearly all of the European countries were represented, and there were Africans, Hindoos, Chinese and Japanese, and the ubiquitous Salvation Army girls, making a motley crowd, interesting to see but, I should think, undesirable to live among.

One of the peculiarities of these islands is the frequent showers. I think there were at least six during the day, often while the sun was shining. It must be owing to them that the vegetation is always green, and the heat seldom oppressive.

Of the climate some writer has said: "Conjure up the memory of the most perfect May day you ever knew, when sunshine, soft airs, and the fragrance of flowers made the heart glad, multiply it by 365, and

the result is the climate of Hawaii." The highest temperature of the year is 84°, the lowest 58°.

We did not visit the volcano of Kilauea, as it is a day's journey from Honolulu. They tell us that the crater is over seven miles in circumference, and one thousand feet below the rim is an opening in the mountainside, where eternal fires glow and throb. The natives call it "Ha-le-mau-mau" (House of everlasting fire). It is the safety-valve of this Pacific region.

Captain Cook, the first Anglo-Saxon to visit these islands, went there in 1778 and, he met his death at the hands of the natives, whom he had treated unjustly. He named the islands in honor of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich. In 1790, the group was united into one empire, and the land which had belonged to the crown was divided among the people. During this period, missionaries of all creeds, and business men from America and the Old World were attracted to the islands, and great changes resulted in the religion and manner of life. Finally, in 1893, during the reign of Queen Liliuokalani, a revolution occurred which paved the way for a republic, and ended in annexation by the United States, in 1898.

CHAPTER XI

A TYPHOON, YOKOHAMA AND MANILA

AFTER leaving Honolulu, for eight days we rushed on with nothing to vary the monotony. We saw no land, not a sail, nor even a bird. The sea was like glass and the air hot and sultry, but on the evening of the ninth day we ran into what the sailors called the tail-end of a typhoon, and for eighteen hours I can record only what happened in my cabin. Lying in my berth, I could hear the roar of the great waves some time before they dashed against the sides of the ship, and once a particularly large one swept across the deck, and a column of water a foot square came pouring down into my cabin, setting all movables afloat.

The next evening we passed out of the track of the storm, and two days after, when we reached Yokohama, we learned that the city and harbor had suffered from the most severe typhoon in many years. We were indeed fortunate not to have been in its direct track. Hundreds of fishermen had been drowned, and the breakwater in the harbor was

seriously damaged. Stones, weighing fifteen tons each, had been swept out of place by a tidal wave.

The water was still so rough many of us spent the night on board, but the next morning we made up a party of four, including a lady who had lived in Japan and knew something of the language, and went on shore for the day. We took *kurimas* or *'rikishas*, at twenty sen (ten cents) an hour, and started out to see the city.. The *kurimayas*, or *'rikisha* men, run along so lightly, in their straw sandals, that you do not feel that they are oppressed. The muscles of their limbs would do credit to the training of a Sandow.

Our escort took us through the most interesting streets, and to silk and embroidery stores where she knew the proprietors, and they insisted on showing us their most beautiful work, though we were not buying. We saw bed quilts filled with waste silk instead of cotton, whose pale pink or blue satin covers looked as if wild roses had been scattered over them, and morning robes and kimonos heavy with embroidered chrysanthemums or sprays of white and purple wistaria. Then we explored some china shops, where, but for the sixty per cent duty, the impulse to buy would have been irresistible.

The little Japanese mothers were working in their shops, which open wide on the street, with their babies on their backs. They go through the streets

that way, and the poor little mites were blinking and winking in the broiling sun of midday, which explains why defective sight is so common in Japan.

We went to a hotel for tiffin, and then back to the vessel in a *sampan*, a little open rowboat of which we saw thousands in all Eastern harbors. Dozens of them surrounded the *China*, loaded with merchandise, which was sold to our crew and steerage passengers.

In two days we reached Kobe. The town is smaller than Yokohama, but the land-locked harbor is a favorite gathering-place for the warships of many of the Western nations. There were Russian gunboats, French and Italian men-of-war, and merchant-ships without number, but the pleasantest sight of all was the Stars and Stripes,

"With a fame that lives forever
On the land and on the sea,"

flying from the cruiser *New York*, and from two American transports which were taking on coal.

From Kobe to Nagasaki, we passed through the famous Inland Sea, a veritable region of enchantment. It is filled with islands, great and small, all under the highest state of cultivation. Terraced rice fields and gardens, palm groves, quaint little fishing villages, and everywhere fishing vessels of every size and form, make a panorama that it is difficult to describe.

Occasionally we saw a chapel showing where missionaries were laboring. Nagasaki is a large city and has a considerable trade with China, as well as with more distant countries. We stopped here for twelve hours to take on coal, and to land some of our missionaries and other passengers, who were going to Shanghai. The method of coaling was so novel, I stood on deck and watched the proceeding a long time. We were anchored a mile from the shore, and a fleet of coal barges came out, each bringing a dozen or more Japanese women. These were placed in lines on the gang-planks connecting the nearest barges with the open hatchways. Along the lines were rapidly passed shallow baskets of soft coal, each basket holding about a peck. The women stood there from daylight until noon, without a halt, tossing the baskets with an easy swing, laughing and chatting all the time, as if they were playing a game. Occasionally a little mother would fall out, attend to the wants of her small baby on an empty barge, and come back, smiling, to take her place in the line. An officer told me that they had handled eleven hundred tons during the eight hours that they worked, and that the women received twelve sen (six cents) for the day's labor. He added that they had almost constant work and lived very comfortably on that, as their food was chiefly rice and fish. Japanese rice is of a superior quality, but the

farmers generally sell it and buy a cheaper grade, that is raised in Korea and China.

It was Sunday when we left Nagasaki, but our missionaries and ministers had all left us, so there was no service, and we had settled down with our books for a quiet afternoon, when we heard the Captain's bell, and a moment later the ship stopped so suddenly that she trembled like a leaf in the wind. Of course a woman thinks first of fire, but we soon learned that one of the Chinese crew had fallen overboard. Immediately a boat was lowered, manned by an officer and four sailors, but he had drifted so far away that the Captain had to use a glass to see if they had rescued him. In a few minutes he was on board, eating his bowl of rice with his chop-sticks, as "childlike and bland" as ever. The crew is drilled for such accidents, so when they really happen there is no confusion.

We were told to expect storms and rough seas through the Formosa Channel and China Sea, and to remember that typhoons had every season for their own in those waters, so it was an unexpected blessing to have perfect weather and the smoothest of seas all the way to Manila. For the first time we saw schools of porpoises and flying fish.

On the last day we came in sight of Luzon. The mountains rise gradually from the coast and appear to be thickly covered with forests. In the afternoon

we passed through the Corregidor Straits and anchored in Manila Bay. For the fifth time since leaving America, the Health Inspector pronounced us all well, and soon steam launches took us to the landing on the Pasig River.

It had been six months since my children had left me at Willow Grove, and those months had held the greatest sorrow of my life. The long journey alone had been full of interest, but it had required more self-reliance than suited my years, so it was a great relief to feel that henceforth I could depend on their care.

CHAPTER XII

JOURNEY TO CERVANTES

THE old Spanish city of Manila, with its walls and moats, its churches and cathedral, is very interesting historically, and takes one back to the days when Spain was at the height of her power, but I would be sorry to think that it must be my home. Often the weather is most oppressive, the narrow streets are far from clean, and the artificial life of the American residents very unsatisfactory.

Carrie and I were not sorry when Mr. Dinwiddie was appointed governor of the non-Christian province of Lepanto Bontoc, which is in central Luzon. Cervantes, the capital, is two hundred miles north of Manila, but to reach it we were obliged to go in a steamer up the coast to the little seaport town of Candon, and then travel forty miles inland over a mountain trail. That does not sound like a very formidable undertaking, but, as it happened, it was attended by far more inconvenience, suffering, and danger than my long voyage across the Pacific. Our boat was *very* small and the moment we were outside of the bay, we met a typhoon coming down

the coast, and for four days we tossed on the China Sea, not knowing what moment we might strike a coral reef or whether our tiny egg-shell of a craft would be able to resist the force of the wind and waves.

At last, we passed out of the track of the storm and anchored at Candon. Small boats called *cascoes* took us near to the shore, when strong, naked Igorrotes carried us in their arms to the sandy beach. We rode the two miles between the landing and the town in a little two-wheeled vehicle called a *quiles* (keelez) drawn by a small native bull.

Then came a Spanish supper of chicken and rice and very good coffee. Our beds were also Spanish, consisting of cane-bottomed bedsteads on which were spread a thin straw mat, one sheet, and a cotton-stuffed pillow. Our own bedding supplied deficiencies, and we slept the sleep of the weary.

Breakfast over, we women watched with interest the making up of our mountain train. Stalwart, unclothed Igorrotes had been sent down from Cervantes, and soon nearly two hundred were laden with our trunks, furniture, and boxes of specie for the provincial treasurer, and lastly, six especially strong and careful men were assigned to each chair that Carrie and I were to travel in, while we made our mountain journey. The white men all rode small native ponies, which are much surer-footed than American horses.

It was noon when we left Candon, and Concepcion, our nearest stopping place, was at the end of an eight-hours' ride. While daylight lasted, we were interested in the strange surroundings, and the cool wind from the ocean was refreshing, but, in the tropics, night shuts down early and suddenly, and there was no moon, so we imagined all sorts of dangers as the men carried us over narrow trails, on the nearly perpendicular mountainsides, and, as we listened to the roaring of torrents far below us, we wondered what would be our fate if our *cargadores* made a misstep, but we need not have been troubled, for they are as sure-footed as mountain goats.

The news of the coming of the new "Gobernador" had preceded us, and a Committee of Welcome came out a quarter of a mile from Concepcion, with torches and rude musical instruments, and conducted us, under gayly decorated bamboo arches, to our hotel(?), where the Filipino host, in Spanish fashion, assured us that "his house was our own," though he did not forget to present a generous bill in the morning.

An unoccupied house, made entirely of bamboo and grass, was given us to sleep in. I, in deference to my gray hairs, had the only bed, or, I should say, bedstead with nothing on it, and the rest slept on the floor. At four in the morning we had coffee, and then, by the light of an old moon, started to climb the Tilad Mountains, which, at the summit, reach a

height of forty-five hundred feet. As we rose higher and higher among the strange tropical plants, of which the graceful tree-ferns were the most beautiful, the ranges below us came into view, and we had glimpses, far away to the west, of the China Sea, looking peaceful enough at that distance. We saw very few people on the trail, but the terraced rice fields here and there indicated at least a sparse population. We passed through a few small villages, where the head men always came out to greet the new Governor and his family.

Before reaching the summit, we halted to enjoy the lovely panorama and to partake of a more substantial breakfast. Carrie suggested that our long train of horses and burden-bearers, toiling up the mountain path, resembled an old Bible picture, and I answered: "Yes, I have felt all the morning as if we were pilgrims going up to Jerusalem."

It was on this mountain that a company of American soldiers surprised a party of Filipinos and killed their brave leader, Gregorio del Pilar. His body was stripped of clothing and lay unburied in the sun for four days. Can we blame them if, in their hearts, they are unforgiving?

From the highest point, called Tilad Pass, we looked down into the Cervantes Valley. It was a disappointment to me that the mountains were almost destitute of trees, though there is much beauty

in the soft carpet of grass (green or olive, as the season may be) which clothes them to their very top.

We were very weary from constant travel, and the early darkness found us several miles from our future home, but thoughtful friends sent out torch-bearers to meet us, so at nine o'clock we crossed the last river (the thirteenth crossing of the Abra) and came safely into Cervantes, where a kindly welcome and a hot supper awaited us.

CHAPTER XIII

LIFE IN CERVANTES

THE "Convento," the home of the Padres before the insurrection, had been occupied by provincial officers, and was assigned to us for our residence. It is a large house with a roof of nipa grass and the inner walls without paint or plaster. In countries where earthquakes are frequent, the frames of buildings are held together with bolts of wrought iron, on which the timbers swing during the oscillations of a "shake." Buildings of brick or stone are always the greatest sufferers. We had an instance in the church near the Convent, which looked as if it might have stood a century, but was really built less than twenty years ago. The walls are of rough stones laid in mortar and, five years after it was finished, a destructive earthquake opened great seams from the ground to the roof, and destroyed many of the stained glass windows. The long rainy seasons and its occupation by the Insurrectoes have done their part.

Another destructive agent in tropical countries is a species of white ant, which feeds upon the tim-

bers of a building until only a thin outer shell remains. In this church the pillars of the organ-loft were actually hollow.

The population of Cervantes, including the outlying *barrios*, consists of about twelve hundred Ilocanos and a few Americans, who carry on the government and officer the native constabulary.

The only crop raised in the valley is rice, which is the chief food of the natives. The small fields, which they call *paddies*, are planted twice during the year. A few of the owners have carabao (or water buffalo), with which they work the ground in a very superficial manner; others, less fortunate, loosen the soil with a short, pointed iron rod, inch by inch. When the rice is ready to be cut, the man gathers a few stalks into his left hand and severs them with a short knife. It is then tied into small bundles and left for some days to dry. The next process is to cut off the heads and beat the grain out in a wooden mortar, just as our Indians made their hominy when Columbus discovered their country. The rice is winnowed by being tossed from a shallow basket to the ground. Thus every process, from start to finish, is as primitive as possible, and, if left to their own devices, the natives will probably go on in the same way to the end of time.

Though the rapid rivers give any amount of water-power, every board and piece of timber is

sawed by hand, making building a tedious and expensive affair. The houses of the very poor are generally made of bamboo and grass, and are really pleasant and comfortable, but do not last many years. It is quite common to find a large family living and sleeping in a house of one room, but the cooking is done out of doors, and it is customary to sleep on the floor with a blanket and pillow for a bed.

The Ilocanos are among the most progressive of the Filipinos. Some of them speak Spanish, but, now that the government has established schools, the children are all learning English. A few Spaniards remain among them, who are merchants or cattle-raisers, with here and there a coffee-grower who managed to retain possession of his plantation during the insurrection. Including the Igorrotes, the population of the province is ninety thousand and Carrie and I were the only white women, for several months, but we were too busy ever to be lonely.

On Christmas day, which occurred a few days after we reached Cervantes, we had all the Americans in the town to dinner. Though turkeys were not obtainable, we made merry with chickens and ducks, cranberries and plum pudding, notwithstanding the last two did come out of cans.

We got books from the American Library in Manila, and subscribed for a dozen magazines from

the United States, and every Sunday the two Igorrote mail-carriers came up from the coast and we got the daily papers of the previous week from Manila, and our precious home letters.

We found a boys' school in Cervantes, but none for the girls, so Carrie obtained permission to open one and, with two Filipino girls, who had learned some English from a former teacher, as assistants, she began with fifty-five scholars. The number soon increased to one hundred and thirty. The rapidity with which they learned a new language was marvelous. In six months the older classes were studying geography, arithmetic, and history, and the recitations were very creditable.

By far the greater number of the people of the province are non-Christian Igorrotes. They are emphatically the burden-bearers of the island, and are employed as servants by both Americans and Ilocanos. When they carry freight over the trails they are called *cargadores*. On their own mountainsides they construct most wonderful terraces, where they cultivate rice and *camotes* (sweet potatoes) for their families. They are called head-hunters, but in reality the practice is confined to a few tribes and is gradually dying out. It is not unlike a Kentucky feud, as the whole family, or even a whole tribe, is made answerable for the crime of one individual. To give an instance, a Bontoc man was

brought to the jail in Cervantes, charged with taking the head of a woman belonging to a neighboring hostile tribe. He confessed the crime, but said: "There was nothing else to do; my mother was killed several years ago by a man of that tribe, and so I was obliged to kill a woman or the Great Spirit would be angry with me."

They have special burial-places for headless bodies, generally on almost inaccessible mountain-sides. Over the graves are placed spears and other weapons, to frighten away evil spirits.

CHAPTER XIV

OVERLAND JOURNEY TO BAGUIO

IN the spring of 1903 (our first in the province) our family was invited to spend a week at Commissioner Worcester's summer home in Baguio, the capital of the Province of Benguet, and the official capital of the Islands during the three hottest months of the year. Our most direct route was across the country, some hundred miles, on an old Spanish trail which, according to their custom, kept to the highest ridges, often five and even six thousand feet above sea-level.

On the third of May, we made up our caravan, I might call it, for it consisted of Governor and Mrs. Dinwiddie and Redfield on horseback, I in a chair, with six strong Igorrotes to alternate in carrying me, Claro, our Filipino house boy, who went as cook, a courier sent over by the Governor of Benguet to act as guide, and two armed soldiers from Cervantes (the latter altogether superfluous, but, according to custom, sent with officials to the boundary of the province). Then there were some twenty Igorrotes who carried our cots, tents, provisions, and baggage, making quite an imposing train.

It was just at the end of the rainy season, and the young grass was growing all over the mountain-sides, and every tree and shrub was bursting into bloom. Vines and plants, that we, in America, cultivate in our flower gardens, grew wild in great profusion. There were roses, honeysuckles, white jessamine, deutsias, and wistaria and passion vines climbing over trees fifty feet in height, making the air rich with perfume. The prettiest tree of the Islands is the tree fern, with its crown of fronds that are often ten feet in length. In shaded ravines, where mountain streams were tumbling down, many varieties of ferns and begonias grew, the latter loaded with bloom. They are exquisite in their native haunts, but will not bear transplanting to sunny or wind-blown situations. On exposed hillsides, we saw quantities of orchids, especially the pitcher-plant, called by some the monkey-cup. I can well believe that the monkeys (which are quite plentiful on these mountains) might satisfy their thirst from these plants, for some of the larger ones often bore thirty or more little pitcher-like half-pint cups with lids, each half filled with water.

We were five days on the journey, spending the nights in the little Igorrote towns, where no one could speak a word of English, except the children, who always said, "good morning," regardless of the time of day. As it was vacation in the schools, we

were generally given the unoccupied school-buildings, where we set up our cots and tried to be comfortable. We had a good opportunity of learning how the isolated American teachers in the Philippines live. Often the only furniture consisted of one long table and a bench or two, without backs, and an old Spanish chair for the master. I remember that one table was made of a single plank, two feet in width and four inches in thickness. It had been hewn out with an axe, but was as black and glossy as the ebony case of a piano. Many of the native woods are very hard and dark in color, and will probably some day be of great commercial value. The teacher in one place had improvised blackboards by painting a square on the rough weather-boarding of the house. Thus the teachers (generally men) lived months together, sleeping in the schoolhouse and having their food cooked on the ground outside. Sometimes not an English-speaking person lived within twenty-five miles. No missionaries could show more perseverance and self-denial than these teachers in the island mountain provinces of the Philippines.

To go back to our journey, we had many rivers to cross, some of them so deep and rapid that I adopted a plan of gathering myself up in my chair and then shutting my eyes to avoid the feeling that I and my men were floating down with the current. There was a succession of hard climbs and steep descents that

were a little severe on the nerves of women unaccustomed to mountain travel, but I learned to trust my carriers implicitly. Though unclothed and savage, as they would look to a stranger, I never felt the slightest timidity, even if they ran on ahead of the rest of the party, and I was alone with them for an hour or two. They stopped at the streams to drink and rest, when I gave them matches to light their pipes (saving them the trouble of striking a flint), and they sat on their heels, laughing and chatting, as happy as children.

Our week in Baguio was very delightful. We were entertained by Governor-General and Mrs. Taft, General Allen, Chief of the Constabulary, and others. The air was so cool that we enjoyed bright fires in the morning and evening, which was a new experience in the Philippines.

On our return, I imprudently drank from the mountain streams, which probably came from rice fields on the upper terraces, and the result was an attack of amœbic dysentery; I was so ill when we reached home that I was carried to my bed and did not leave it for two months. Thanks to remedies sent by Commissioner Worcester, and the faithful nursing of my children, I finally entirely recovered.

I would here add a note that any foreigner who expects to avoid sickness in the Philippines must make an invariable rule to drink no water that is

not distilled or boiled. There may be pure springs in the mountains, but it is wiser to take no risks.

Back of our house was a large garden inclosed with a strong paling of runo, a species of small bamboo. In it we found many native trees and shrubs. There were lemon trees bearing fruit and flowers at the same time, several hundred pineapple plants, cotton trees (the cotton growing in pods something like those on our milkweed), annotta and guava bushes, coffee trees and the papaya, with its staminate and pistillate flowers on separate trees, like our persimmon. Around the edge of the garden grew a great number of banana trees, some of which were always in fruit. I have counted forty bunches at one time in various stages of growth.

The soil on that rocky hillside happened to be very poor, and commercial fertilizers were not obtainable, so my attempts at raising American vegetables were not very successful. The seeds came up quickly, but it was necessary, during the long dry season, to water them twice a day, and the nearest water was at the foot of a steep hill, a hundred feet below the Convent, so there were many failures. We had, however, very fine tomatoes, cantaloupes, lima beans, and lettuce, which proved that, with a water supply, our American vegetables could be raised there in great perfection. We could work only in the morning and evening for, in that latitude, the noonday

sun, even in January, is so nearly overhead, the heat is overpowering.

I cannot close this account of our life in Cervantes without paying a tribute to the grace and refinement of the Filipino women. As a race they are a polite people, but the women seem always to remember to do the right thing, at the right time. If we were sick, there were daily inquiries and offers of assistance; if guests were with us, they came to call on them, and, on holidays, old and young brought little gifts of fruits or flowers. I recall a pretty little incident which occurred two days after we reached Cervantes. Some twenty young married women and girls came to pay their respects to the Governor's wife. They were dressed apparently in their very best, some in silk skirts and embroidered camisoles and kerchiefs, and their heavy black hair was neatly arranged. It is always brushed back from the face, and most mysteriously coiled and looped, without combs or hairpins.

The daughter of the Presidente (Mayor) spoke for the rest in a little speech in English, which she had laboriously practised: "We welcome you to our town; we are glad you have come to live among us." Then, with the interpreter's help, we carried on a brisk conversation.

Carrie explained to them that the Filipino women were to be represented at the St. Louis Exposition,

and that she hoped they would contribute specimens of their work. One of them answered, "We will do what we can, but we cannot make the jusi and the piña, like the women of Iloilo, because the plants do not grow here." But they do weave very pretty striped and plaid ginghams, from the cotton which they get from the Chinese merchants, and Carrie made a collection of these, as well as specimens of their beadwork—only they are not beads at all, but the seeds of a species of runo, which they string on fine brass wire, and weave into baskets, watch-holders, and even lambrequins. Their embroidery and crochet work are often very pretty. I expect they have learned it from the Spanish women who teach such work in their convent schools.

CHAPTER XV

VOYAGE TO JAPAN

ABOUT the first of February, 1904, the Russo-Japanese war began, and Mr. Dinwiddie accepted an offer from the *Harpers* and the New York *World* to go to Manchuria as war correspondent. Carrie accompanied him as far as Tokyo, Japan, where she remained during the six months that he was with Kuroki's army. Redfield and I stayed in Cervantes, thinking the others would soon return, but, as they did not, in September I sent Redfield to Japan, that he might attend a school for foreign children in Tokyo. It was a long journey for a child of ten, but he proved to be a famous little traveler and reached Yokohama in safety.

During the rainy season I had contracted a severe bronchial cold, which greatly reduced my strength, and when Mr. Dinwiddie, who had left the army, came for me in November, I was hardly able to undertake the journey of fifty miles over the trail to the coast. But the fresh air of the mountains benefited me at once, and at Candon I was ready to enjoy the little voyage in a steam launch down to

Dagupan, where the railroad to Manila begins. At sunset, the launch anchored at the mouth of the Dagupan River, and small rowboats came out to take us over the bar (shown by the long line of breakers near the shore). Night had shut down, and with only the light of a young moon and the evening star, our little boat shot through the foaming surf, into the still water of the river. The town is two miles farther up, but, all the way, the lights from the many native houses, built on piles along the banks, were reflected in the water, and made a fairy-like scene.

At daybreak the next morning, we were in the cars, which were the slowest of their kind, and were dirty beyond description. At noon we reached Manila, where Mr. Worcester's automobile was waiting for us, and soon a kindly reception and the comforts of civilization banished all recollection of our discomforts. Mr. Worcester's home is on the bank of the Pasig River, which is really a strait connecting Laguna de Bay with Manila Bay. It was one of my pleasures to watch, from the high porch, the passing of cascoes, launches, and other river craft, up and down the stream, now so peaceful, but, during the insurrection, often the scene of conflict.

On the 15th of November, 1904, we left Manila on the transport *Sherman*, which was bound for San Francisco by way of the Japanese ports. A strong

head wind made the voyage unpleasant, and delayed our progress, so we were five days in reaching Nagasaki, where Carrie was to meet us. The passengers were mostly army people, among them Buffalo Bill's daughter, who had married a Lieutenant Stott. She was a typical western girl, breezy and good-humored. Mr. Dinwiddie met several old friends, whom he had known in the Cuban and Philippine campaigns, and they persuaded him to give an account of the battle of Liao Yang, which he had just witnessed. The dining saloon was well filled, and all seemed interested.

When we had anchored in Nagasaki harbor and passed inspection, Carrie came on board, and we landed at once, having decided to make the journey of 900 miles to Tokyo by rail.

I had seen the Inland Sea on my voyage to Manila two years before, so I was glad to see something of the interior of Japan. I was not prepared for such a large area of rich level land, all under the most careful cultivation. A succession of rice fields, several miles in width and eight hundred miles in length, had that season yielded the most abundant crop ever known. The illiterate farmers considered it as an evidence that the god of battles was on their side. The rice had been harvested and the ground was being prepared for winter crops—wheat, barley, and winter vegetables. Orange and persimmon trees

had lost their leaves, but were heavily laden with their orange-colored fruit.

We noticed many women working in the fields, and only old men, which was all the evidence we had of the mighty struggle going on in Manchuria. Every foot of soil seemed to be utilized, and, being worked so thoroughly by hand and fertilized so heavily, it produced enormous root crops.

One of their favorites is *daikon*, a variety of radish-turnip, which commonly grows to be eighteen inches in length and three or four inches in diameter. Great quantities were pickled and sent to the soldiers in the field.

The cars were small and a good deal crowded. At the principal stations, little wooden lunch boxes called *bentos* were brought in for sale, and small earthen pots of tea—the pot, tea, and cup costing three sen (one and a half cents).

We reached Tokyo on the morning of the third day, and were taken by 'rikishas, in a few minutes, to our new home.

This is a strange old city—old sure enough, though it has not been the capital more than half a century. Tokyo is among the largest cities of the world, covering one hundred square miles, and containing one and one-half millions of people, but, for the amount of traffic carried on, it is a remarkably quiet city, from the fact that gravel is used on the streets in-

stead of paving-stones. A few foreigners and wealthy Japanese use carriages, but the mass of the people make use of the electric cars and 'rikishas. Nine years ago the first street-car line was laid, and now the cars run to every part of the city, even to Yokohama (28 miles), from daylight until midnight. The hauling is done partly by coolies, and partly by draught-horses, which are often small, but must be very strong judging from the immense loads they pull.

Tokyo might be called the Venice of the East, for the whole city is a network of small rivers, moats and tidal canals, which are crossed by innumerable bridges, some of them handsomely and substantially built. Much traffic is carried on by means of these many waterways, and the boatmen, who often have house-boats and live on the canals, form a large class of laborers.

The Japanese are the most cheerful and polite people that ever existed; to show annoyance or ill-temper is very bad form. As in all Eastern countries, old people are treated with the greatest respect. My white hair always secured me a seat the moment I entered a car or a store, and in several instances a cup of tea was offered, as I sat by the counter. On the street, little children would follow me and say to each other, *O-ba-san* (honorable grandmother).

In the matter of dress, Japan is in a state of transi-

tion. Men who were educated in Europe or America have adopted foreign dress; also the students in the universities and high schools.

The women generally keep to their old costume; they are dainty little creatures, and when, in the coldest weather, they wear half a dozen kimonos, they are not nearly so unwieldy as we would be, so dressed. Those having charge of such matters have prescribed a dress for the schoolgirls that is a compromise between the foreign style and the Japanese. It consists of a gray kimono over which is worn a rather short full skirt, that is always claret-colored or purple. A sort of cotton cloth foot-covering, coming to an inch or so above the ankle, and a heavy wooden toe-clog for the street complete the costume.

When the Empress appears in public, she always wears a foreign dress, and the ladies of the Foreign Legations, who make their bow before her Imperial Majesty on New Year's day, have their dress regulated by court laws. The train must be four yards in length from the neck to the bottom of the hem, but they may choose any material they prefer. Velvet or brocade is generally used, though I know of a gown, worn by one of our countrywomen, that was made of heavy white satin, exquisitely embroidered, by Japanese hands, with a flight of golden butterflies. Many of their embroideries are highly artistic.

The Emperor and Empress are truly loved by their

people, who will fight, and, if need be, die for them without a murmur. On the other hand, the sovereigns never forget the sick or wounded soldiers, or their needy families. The Empress is a member of the Red Cross, and assisted in rolling bandages for the hospitals, and she gave artificial limbs and eyes, warm flannels and, in many cases, money to the returned soldiers of both the Japanese and Russian armies.

CHAPTER XVI

LIFE IN TOKYO

MY first winter in Tokyo (1904–05) was not a very cold one, at least the cold season was short, and there were only two or three slight falls of snow. I was surprised to find, early in March, that the plum trees in our yard were in full bloom; indeed the florists, who do marvelous things with plants, have the secret of dwarfing them, and then forcing both cherry and plum trees into bloom for table decorations at Christmas and New Year.

Among the Japanese, the worship of the beautiful in nature is not confined to the educated classes, but reaches the very lowest. I have seen the coal-heavers, with blackened hands and faces, pause under a blooming tree and gaze in silent adoration.

During the flowering of the cherry trees, certain days are set apart as general holidays, and crowds of people, especially of the working classes, are found in the parks and public gardens, all in holiday attire, wandering about and drinking in the sunshine and beauty of landscape and flower. One notices the absence of placards warning the people to leave the

flowers and grass untouched. They seem to have no inclination to disturb anything.

The Empress gives an Imperial garden party at this season, to which foreigners, who have been in the country less than a year, are invited. Here, also, the regulations about dress are very strict. No woman can appear in mourning, and the men must wear frock coats and silk hats.

Prominent people, who have attractive gardens, take this time of the year to entertain their friends. Carrie and I were invited to several of these garden parties (Mr. Dinwiddie being absent at the time). One was at the home of Mr. Masuda, the business manager of the Mitsui firm. He has a fine collection of curios, some of great age, which had been taken from his go-down, or storehouse, for our entertainment. There was one painting, by a celebrated Korean artist, known to be a thousand years old; there were carved and lacquered wooden gods seven and eight hundred years of age; and even the room we were in had been a part of a temple, nine hundred years before. There were hand-painted screens, with the colors still bright, and specimens of gold lacquer a century old, and many other things that I do not remember. Madame Uriu, the wife of Admiral Uriu and our host's sister, was present. She was educated at Vassar College with Marchioness Oyama, and, speaking perfect English, she explained many things

to us. One small cup of dark-colored pottery (like our grandmothers' milk pans), used in ancient days in Korea for ceremonial tea, she said had recently cost her brother three thousand dollars.

We were taken into the garden, which, after the Japanese fashion, seemed very much larger than it really was. There were tree-crowned hills, ravines with rustic bridges crossing little streams that tumbled over stones half hidden by ferns and water-lilies, all so natural looking one would never dream that the whole thing was a work of art. In the thickets there were resting-places and pretty little tea-houses, in one of which a young sister-in-law of the host, in a costume of two centuries ago, brewed ceremonial tea or *cha-no-yu* and served it to us in the cups of that period.

Our host's brother, just returned from Port Arthur, had constructed an underground house in exact imitation of the soldiers' winter headquarters, and, in his khaki uniform, he received us and explained that the roofing of sand-bags was to keep out the Russian shells.

Finally, on the top of a little hill, we reached an open pavilion, surrounded by fragrant cherry trees, where our lunch was served. Several cooks stood before little charcoal stoves, on which were kettles of boiling lard, into which they dropped the fish as we would doughnuts, and when they came out,

crisp and brown, they were very delicious. Sandwiches of ham and beef, coffee, cake, and fruit, made a very plentiful meal. I did not like the saki, the national drink, which is made from rice and is taken hot.

The meal began with small bowls of soup, and I was sorely puzzled to know how we were to take it with chop-sticks. But it was a simple process to pick out the fish and vegetables with the sticks and drink the soup. Marchioness Oyama and her beautiful daughter were among the guests, and they assisted our host in waiting upon us.

A few days later, our Military Attaché, Colonel Wood, was leaving Tokyo, and a farewell lunch party was given him and Mrs. Wood by Mr. Sonoda, a prominent banker in Tokyo. Beside the Woods, Carrie and I were the only Americans. Among the guests were the German and Belgian ministers and their wives, and several prominent Japanese. One of these, Mr. Kurino, was the Japanese Minister to St. Petersburg at the time the Russo-Japanese war broke out, who had tried for eight months to come to some agreement with the Russian Government concerning Manchuria. It is said that over fifty telegraphic communications passed between him and Baron Komura, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs in Tokio. All efforts, however, failed, and Kurino returned to Japan.

In early life, Mr. Sonoda was for many years Consul-General to London, and his four children were born there. His wife and daughters are dear little women, whom I trust we may some day meet again.

Our lunch was served in a long room made by removing the *fusima*, or sliding partitions, giving space for a long table that was as beautiful as fine damask, rare china, silver, cut glass, and exquisite floral decorations could make it. The twelve courses were noiselessly served by six or eight young men waiters, in dress suits and white gloves.

On the lawn, where the grass was already green, seats were placed under a pavilion, and tea and cake were served during the afternoon.

While the double cherry blooms, which are later than the single ones, were in perfection, we made up a little picnic party, and went, in a tiny steam-launch, several miles up the Sumida River to a little village where there begins an avenue of cherry trees which continues for five miles along the bank of the river. The trees were so loaded with the double flowers, each like a small rose, that the lesser limbs were completely hidden, though no leaves were out. Only Japanese florists could ever have produced such variety of color. There were various shades of white, pink, rose, and crimson, and even lavender. We stopped at a little tea-house and ordered tea to drink with our

lunch, and, before we had finished, I think we had a hundred spectators, mostly children, who do not often see foreigners in the little towns.

A bit later in the spring the iris and peony gardens are worth visiting. Then follow the azaleas and roses. Men go about the streets selling all these plants or their blossoms from little hand-carts, or from platforms hung on a pole across their shoulders.

Early in August, 1905, Mr. Dinwiddie, who had business in New York, sailed for Seattle. A few days before he left, several of his Japanese friends of the Foreign Office gave him a farewell dinner at the Maple Club. The invitation included Carrie and myself, and a postscript said, "Please do not dress, but wear everyday clothes," which merely meant that the Japanese ladies we were to meet would not wear foreign dress, and therefore low-necked gowns would not be suitable.

The Club house is in Shiba Park, one of the most beautiful spots I have seen in Japan. Most of the trees are evergreen, growing so closely that there is always a subdued light, but around the Club house is a grove of large maples. We reached this place punctually at six (for these people keep early hours), and several young girls in the employ of the Club met us at the door, and removed our shoes, giving us felt slippers, for the floors are all made of thick white mats called *tatami*, on which no shoe ever treads.

We went up a long flight of stairs, one of the pretty little girls helping me, to the reception room, where we were received by Mr. Chinda (our present Ambassador from Japan), Mr. and Mrs. Sonoda, and several others. Tea was at once served in small cups, without sugar or cream, and, after we had admired the beautiful panorama of the city seen from the high porch of the Club house, we were taken to the dining-room, which was brilliantly lighted by electricity, but contained no furniture whatever except large red silk cushions, lying on the white matting for each visitor. In front of each of us there was an artistically made white pine box, filled with fancy confectionery which we were to take home as a souvenir. There were roses, peonies, and violets in colored bean paste, and, in the center, a square of very firm jelly in which were imbedded the stars and stripes, entwined with the flag of the rising sun. Surely it was a dainty way of expressing their friendship for Americans!

Then the waiting-girls placed little low tables before us, covered with many kinds of Japanese food, and a pair of chop-sticks rolled in white paper—though my little reception girl slipped a silver fork into my tray. There were tiny lacquer bowls of soup (containing beef and mushrooms), and several kinds of fish, shredded chicken, rice, peaches, red plums, and bananas. Three fish, resembling small

shad, had been cooked whole, and one was placed in front of each of us, and we were told that we could take them home, if we preferred. Supposing that was the customary thing to do, we did not eat them, and we found them in our carriage, neatly wrapped in white cotton, with our unique boxes of confectionery. The fish is called the *ti*, and is used on ceremonial occasions. Mrs. Sonoda sat next me and pointed out the kinds of food she thought I would like. She did not recommend the raw fish, which is there considered a delicacy.

All the time we were eating, some fifteen quietly dressed geisha girls were passing from one to another, helping us to saki, and chatting with the guests, especially the gentlemen, who seemed to enjoy their bright faces and cheerful talk.

There are several classes of geisha girls, those serving at clubs being trained to entertain and sometimes to dance. They have years of drilling and instruction, which now includes a knowledge of English. That night, a middle-aged woman chaperoned them, and, under her almost imperceptible orders, our wants were all supplied.

After the dinner was over and the tables removed, there were three dances for our entertainment, the music being furnished by four or five girls, sitting on the floor at the far end of the large room. They had a small drum, a *kota* and a *samisen*, the

two latter being something like our banjo and guitar.

First came the maple dance by a dozen girls who wore yellow silk kimonos, very long and richly embroidered with maple leaves in their autumn colors. They went through several figures in a graceful but rather quiet way. In an entirely different costume, they next appeared in a sort of Spanish dance, where the fan played an important part. In fact it was more posing than dancing, but we could not help admiring the accuracy of their movements, which must have been the result of patient drilling. The last was hardly a dance at all, but a stately march representing an old daimyo, returning triumphant, with all the spoils of war, from a successful invasion. The dancers wore the costume of that period, and to one familiar with their country's history it all, doubtless, had a deep meaning.

Mr. Chinda sat on my left and explained to me the meaning of the various dances, and he tried to teach me the ceremonial drinking of saki. He began the lesson by saying, "Now you are greatly my superior, so the cups must be handled this way." And there followed a sipping of the saki and an exchange of the cups, which was bewildering and must require long practise to become familiar.

At nine o'clock the festivities were over, and, as I started to get up, Mr. Nabeshima, whom I had met

before, offered me a hand saying, "Let me help you; I know how tired you are, for, whenever I come home from abroad, I have to learn over again how to sit on the floor."

CHAPTER XVII

PEACE CELEBRATIONS

DURING our anxiety over the result of the peace negotiations, came the visit of Secretary Taft, Miss Alice Roosevelt, and the Senatorial party. Great preparations had been made, every principal street of the city was gay with bunting, lanterns, and flags, and, for a week, all Tokyo seemed determined to make the visit of the Americans as pleasant as possible. There were luncheons and dinners, receptions and garden parties, and, though the visitors must have been very tired, they appreciated the kindness of their hosts and responded cordially to the very last.

There were many distinguished visitors that summer, among them Mr. Bryan and Mr. Harriman, who were most kindly entertained.

The returning heroes of the Japanese Army and Navy were most enthusiastically welcomed, and, when Admiral Noel and his British squadron came, not only the officers but all the men received hospitable attentions.

At the time of the Naval review, which was

attended by the Emperor and Crown Prince, the enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch. Triumphal arches were erected over the main streets, and, at night, they were brilliant with countless electric lights.

The streets of the city were decorated beyond anything one could have thought possible. Not only were there miles of bunting, but tens of thousands of paper lanterns, up and down and across the streets, with English and Japanese flags everywhere.

The review was in Tokyo Bay, near Yokohama, and it was estimated that one hundred thousand people went from Tokyo alone. Admiral Togo had, a few days before, made his formal entry into the capital, and densely packed crowds lined the streets the whole of the five miles between the Shimbashi railroad station and the Imperial palace, where the returning commanders all went at once to report to the Emperor. At the review, the Emperor was the chief person of interest, and the streets in both Tokyo and Yokohama were thronged to see him and the Crown Prince pass. The people never weary of showing their love for their sovereign. In old times they were not allowed to look upon him, but were required to bow, with their faces to the ground, while he was passing, but now they not only look at him, but, a few times that summer, they gave him *banzais* (cheers).

Early in September came the good news of the Peace Treaty, though there were many Japanese who were bitterly disappointed that it did not give them the whole of Sagalien, and that Russia would pay no indemnity. The men who had never been in the army, and had no prospect of being, were loudest in their condemnation of the terms agreed upon, and they attempted to hold an indignation meeting in Hibiya Park, which the police tried to prevent by barricading the gates. This unlawful opposition was the spark needed to ignite the inflammable material of which the mob was composed, and, for two days and nights, they went about the city, burning many police boxes and a few police stations.

Tsukiji, the section where many of the missionaries live, was spared, as there was no feeling against foreigners. Had we been sure of this we would have been saved much anxiety. The disorder was suddenly quelled when the Emperor declared Tokyo under martial law, and substituted armed soldiers for policemen. We wished he had taken a hand sooner.

When the Peace Commissioners returned from America, they landed in silence; no welcome from the populace, no music nor *banzais*, as there would have been, but for the anti-peace sentiment. Some of the agitators professed to cling to the hope that the Emperor would refuse to ratify the treaty,

but, when it became a fixed fact, they yielded without further opposition. Several newspapers that had disseminated revolutionary sentiments were suspended, and the excitement soon subsided.

The Japanese Government showed great wisdom in providing employment for the returning soldiers. As fast as the army corps were disbanded, public works that had been stopped by the war were resumed, and mills and factories for the making of articles, before imported, were started, that the men might all have work. It was known that the manufacture of all the appliances of war was as vigorously carried on after all the soldiers had come home, as at any time during active hostilities. There is no doubt that their success was largely due to their careful preparations. It was said that the beds in the receiving hospitals were made up before a battle was fought.

Statistics prove that a very large percentage of the wounded recovered. We call ourselves more enlightened than the Japanese, but we can learn many lessons from them in caring for our soldiers. When they marched through a new country, an advance company of experts examined the wells and labeled them safe or unsafe for drinking, and, when possible, the men were required to bathe and put on clean clothing before an engagement. It was rather amusing that some of our American nurses should

have felt called upon to go to Japan to teach the art in which the Japanese so eminently excel. Their Red Cross Association includes the highest in the land, and, during the war, the ladies of the nobility —even the Empress herself—gave all their time and thoughts to the cause.

CHAPTER XVIII

VOYAGE HOME

IT was with mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness that, on September 27, 1906, we left Yokohama for home, delighted that we would soon be with the friends and relatives we had left more than four years before, and sorry that we would probably never again see the many friends we had made in both Japan and the Philippines. Rain was falling heavily when we sailed, and, as soon as we were out of the harbor, we found we were in the track of a typhoon. Though the *Korea* was one of the largest of the Pacific steamships, and supposed to be unaffected by ordinary storms, there was sufficient motion to make us all wretchedly seasick for forty-eight hours. Then we had smoother sailing, and we were able to sit on deck and make many pleasant acquaintances among the passengers. On my voyage out, four years before, I had met many missionaries going to China. This time there were a number with us who were returning home, after several years of service among the Celestials. They were, without exception, physical wrecks from diseases peculiar to

the East, but one and all were enthusiastic about their work, and, after a few months of rest and recuperation, hoped to return to it.

It is a question in my mind whether the good accomplished is commensurate with the necessary sacrifice of health, and often of valuable lives.

Our only stop was at Honolulu, where we spent a night and part of a day. We went on shore early in the morning, to see as much as possible of this isolated tropical city. After visiting the market, we went to the curio stores, which were stocked with shells, coral, seaweed, etc.—the very things my sea-going cousins used to bring home from the Pacific. It was interesting to me to recall that, just one hundred years before, my Nantucket grandfather was cruising in his merchant ship among those islands. He made several voyages to the Orient, and always stopped at the "Sandwich Islands," as they were then called. After making a few purchases, we took a trolley car for Wakiki Beach. The chief attraction there was the aquarium, where we saw fish of all sizes, shapes, and rainbow hues, fan-tailed, mottled, and striped, and, in one tank, a small devil-fish looked at us with its evil eyes.

Weary with sightseeing, we stopped at an American hotel for dinner, and I think I never enjoyed a meal more. One gets very tired of the monotonous meals on shipboard, especially on the eastward

voyage. When the steamships leave San Francisco, they take sufficient supplies for the voyage out and the return, so, by the time Honolulu is reached, eating is more of a duty than a pleasure.

We left Honolulu with fifty new passengers, mostly in the steerage. When the officers went among them for their tickets, they found, to their chagrin, that seventeen men and women had quietly walked on board without tickets or money. They were Porto Ricans, who had been taken to Hawaii to work in the cane fields, but were so homesick they took this method of starting homeward. Of course they could not be landed, and their sad faces, as we left the vessel at San Francisco, told of their bitter disappointment.

Among our new passengers was a dear old couple, Friend Joel Bean and his wife Anna. They had been visiting a daughter in Honolulu, and were returning to their home in Los Angeles. Joel was over eighty and his wife a little younger, both remarkably active, physically and mentally. I used to see him in the reading-room of mornings, writing letters, and Anna was so entertaining and received so much attention that we called her the "belle of the vessel."

In the music room, where we spent the evenings, there were little compartments where family gatherings were comparatively private. To our surprise, the old people established themselves in one near

the piano, and it came out that they were both fond of vocal music. We were fortunate in having with us a musical family from California. The father and mother both sang, sometimes together, and the daughter played their accompaniments. They were very obliging and sang *The Holy City* and other selections for the Friend Beans. They had many callers, and one evening we were listening to Anna's recitation of some of Whittier's poems, when, glancing at her watch, she exclaimed, "Joel, dear, it is nine o'clock!" and at once they said farewell and shook hands with us all round. His white hair falling nearly to his shoulders, and his little wife reaching up for his arm, in her Quaker cap and black dress trailing over the crimson carpet of the saloon, made a rare picture.

I have no doubt that before this they have been "gathered to their fathers," but none of their fellow-passengers can have forgotten the sunshine that radiated from their cheerful faces.

After steaming six days more, we got so near the American coast that we went at half speed the last night, for it is a rule of the steamship company that all vessels must enter the straits by daylight. It was the violation of that order that sent the ill-fated *Rio Janeiro* to the bottom in San Francisco Harbor, with all on board.

At sunrise, our small boy announced, with glee,

that we were inside the Golden Gate, and, supposing that we would soon land, we went to the breakfast table in our wraps, but, between health inspectors and custom-house officers, the whole day was spent, and the lamps were lighted when we reached our hotel. I am sure such a tedious delay cannot be necessary.

It was less than six months after the earthquake, and San Francisco was still little more than a heap of débris. The streets were a succession of hills and hollows, so that riding over them was painful. The Hotel Jefferson had escaped permanent injury, and we were very comfortable there for a few days, before beginning our long overland journey. It may sound strange, but the thing that impressed me most, on reaching my own land, was our being able to understand what the people about us were saying. Not having a turn for languages, I had never made any progress with either Spanish or Japanese.

We took the southern route across the continent, which gave us an opportunity of seeing beautiful southern California, the Desert and the Salten Sea. The weather was extremely hot, but changed rapidly as we turned northward from El Paso.

In Kansas, we met Mr. Dinwiddie who had come from New York to meet us. I need not say that it was a pleasure to all of us, and a relief to Carrie, who had felt the responsibility of the long journey a heavy one.

There we met a snowstorm, and, when we reached Chicago, winter reigned. The snow lay on the streets and the fierce lake wind chilled us to the bone. Here Mr. Dinwiddie found his friend, John Bass, the noted war correspondent, and they passed an enjoyable day recalling their many adventures and escapades, both in the Philippines and Manchuria, where they had lived together as representatives of New York and Chicago papers.

We all spent a delightful week at Freeport, Illinois, among relatives, and then turned our faces homeward. We reached Washington and Willow Grove on November 29, 1906, a little over four years after I had left it. What busy eventful years they had been! But I had a store of memories that, while life lasts, it will be a pleasure to recall. On the other hand the years had taken from us many of the dear ones we had left, so our pleasure at being home again was mixed with sadness.

I spent six months most pleasantly at Willow Grove, during which I stayed a month with my sister Eliza, in her attractive Virginia home. It proved to be my last visit to her, as she passed away the following summer, leaving me the only living member of our immediate family.

Eliza was a woman of strong character, with a quick, clear insight, and great executive ability. When quite young, she was a very successful teacher,

and, after her husband's death, she assisted her father-in-law in his store in Virginia. During all the four years of the Civil War, she went several times a year to Baltimore to purchase goods, sometimes under the most difficult conditions. That part of Virginia was alternately under Union and Confederate rule, and occasionally bands of guerillas dashed through the neighborhood, gathering up such spoils as pleased their fancy. Several times they visited her store, but her calm, dignified manner had the effect of sending them away empty-handed.

CHAPTER XIX

NEW YORK AND METUCHEN

IN the spring of 1907, I went to New York to live with my children, who had rooms in the seventh story of an apartment house in the upper part of the city. We had pure air and fine views from our windows, but I missed the flowers and garden I had always had in my country homes, and was glad when, in the latter part of the summer, we moved to a small farm near Metuchen, New Jersey.

Metuchen, so named from an Indian Sachem, the King of the Raritans, is an old town, dating from 1665. The first settlers were from the New England colonies. They were followed by Irish and Scotch dissenters "who thought it wise to seek refuge in a land of larger liberty." The old post road from New York to Philadelphia passes through this region, and, during the Revolution, it was used by both armies. Houses are still standing that are pointed out as having been the British or American Headquarters.

We did not know the people here, and, if any one had asked why we selected this particular farm, our

only good reason would have been, for the avenue of trees that led from the public road to the house. It gave the impression of a quiet restful home, far from the madding crowd, and, after living for a few months on Broadway, that was what, in our hearts, we craved.

The house, half surrounded by a low porch, had a sort of pre-revolutionary appearance, and I inquired at once if Washington had spent a night here—that being the legend connected with most old American houses—and was told that the only person of note that was known as a visitor here was Buffalo Bill who, in his younger days, was intimate with the owner of "Agawam Park," as he called it. Of course that was an Indian name, and by a curious coincidence we had named the place "Alinsawac," which was the Igorrote name of our cacao and coffee plantation in the Philippines.

The farm had been totally neglected for many years, and had literally grown up to weeds. One field, near the house, was white with the bloom of the wild carrot. There were no small fruits of any kind growing, and the old apple trees had evidently never been trimmed or sprayed.

Strange as it may sound, we got more interest and pleasure out of it than if it had been in complete order. Our minds became very active over improvements that could be made. As I had grown up on a

farm, and had married a farmer, I was supposed to be familiar with every process, and I had to explore the regions of my sub-conscious mind to recall the proper times and seasons for planting and harvesting and other farm operations.

Of course we began at once to make the house more comfortable, before winter came on. After putting in new plaster and larger windows, painting, papering, and covering the floors with carpet, it began to feel quite homelike. Succeeding years have added a telephone, steam heat, electric power and light, and hot and cold water over the house, so that, beside the pleasures of rural life, we have the comforts and conveniences of the city.

We found the soil ideal, especially for gardening, a sandy loam without stones. If in working among my plants, my implement struck a stone, I frequently found it to be an Indian relic, an axe or hatchet or perhaps a rubbing-stone, used by the natives to soften their sun-dried skins. I rarely found an arrow, so this locality could not have been a hunting ground.

No small child, in building his corn-cob house, ever felt greater delight in the exercise of his constructive faculties, than we did in the development of our few acres. Naturally, we made many mistakes, and when our first wheat-field became, during the following winter, a beautiful skating pond, we learned the value of drainage.

Mr. Dinwiddie, intent on adopting the modern methods of intensive farming, soon acquired a valuable collection of books which have been of the greatest assistance in the various farming operations. My father used to say that a man rarely made a successful farmer unless he had grown up on a farm, and he instanced a neighbor who depended on his barometer when cutting his hay and grain, and lost more than he himself did, who watched the movement of the clouds that hung over the Catskills. But that was before agriculture had become a science, and a distinct department of our government.

There has been much to do on the farm, fencing and draining, fertilizing and liming, until now our little domain compares favorably with any of the neighboring farms. During our first years we planted several hundred fruit trees, including all that grow in this latitude. Already the peach and apple orchards are giving creditable returns. The small fruits in the garden have been most productive, and, in connection with a large vegetable garden, have kept the table well supplied, often with much to spare.

One of the incidents of the first years of our life at Alinsawac was the passing of an aëroplane over the farm. It may be remembered that the *New York Times* had offered a prize for the first successful flight from New York to Philadelphia and return.

We were watching for it, and, to avoid obstructing trees, the women of the family and some guests climbed to the flat roof of a chicken house, while the men stationed themselves by the water-tank, on the roof of a tall building. Finally we heard the whirring of the motor, and saw, on the northern horizon, a moving speck, which grew as it approached, and we could see Mr. Hamilton, the aviator, and could distinctly hear the beating of the propellers against the air.

In the afternoon he returned, following the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad until, in Metuchen where it is crossed by the Lehigh Valley road, he made the mistake of following the latter, and soon found himself over the marshes near Amboy. He was obliged to descend to secure gasoline and make some slight repairs on his machine.

A few of us made a hurried trip to the place of his landing, and saw him rise gracefully from a narrow road through the marshes, passing very near us, and circling round and round to a great height above us; thence he struck out in the direction of New York, where he finished his flight.

I have never seen an airship since. They are most interesting, but if they are to be used only for purposes of destruction, I am sorry that they were invented.

After two or three years, the main industry of

Alinsawac became chicken raising, which increased until many buildings had been erected and the number of birds, old and young, reached over twenty thousand. It was interesting to watch the hatches in the two mammoth incubators, each of which held six thousand eggs.

Kindergarten classes sometimes came to watch the baby chicks pick their way out of the shells. I confess, with mortification at my ignorance, that, until I saw the operation, I had always thought the mother hen did that. I supposed it was part of her business to liberate her fledglings. Of course, in that case, incubators would be useless, but I had not thought of that.

The one matter of handling the eggs that were to be sold was no small task. For many months the daughter of a neighbor helped us wash, sort, and pack eggs from morning until night, six days in the week. Sometimes in the full season there were over twenty-five hundred each day.

At length the difficulty of getting intelligent help, and the unremitting care of so many departments became so great that they decided to give up the chickens, and use the buildings for the raising of mushrooms.

This has proved an exceedingly interesting occupation, but requires constant vigilance and a knowledge of scientific principles to regulate the

temperature, ventilation, and moisture necessary for the proper development of the fungi. Sixteen tons were marketed the first year, but the present season's yield will be much greater.

I have a large greenhouse which has been an unqualified satisfaction. Besides protecting my plants during the winter, so that I have an abundance for my flower garden, and some for my friends, it enables me to start many of the delicate vegetables earlier than if I depended on garden planting. In this latitude, frosts are possible until the middle of May, but the pot-grown plants, that are already in bloom at that time, give us a variety of vegetables early in the summer.

One object of much interest has been our herd of Jerseys, which give us the finest of milk and butter. When I was a few years younger, the care of the dairy was a great delight, and I thought it a decided compliment when the milk inspector here gave me the highest number, and said it reminded him of the dairy at the Shaker Settlement in New Lebanon, New York. As I grew up near the Shakers, and had seen the immaculate dairy in question, I appreciated the comparison. It is true I had every necessary appliance, hot and cold water, an electric motor to run the separator, churn, and bottle-washer, a creamer, butter-worker, and thermometer, so why should I not have a clean dairy and firm yellow

butter? Our mothers made excellent butter that kept the whole winter without all this scientific apparatus; I suppose they learned though experience, though I remember occasions in winter when the butter was an hour or two in coming, and was then of inferior quality. Nowadays there is no guesswork, and good butter does not depend on the season.

Another industry in which I have had a hand has been the care of our bees. When the number of the hives reached thirty, we discovered that, in this section, where little white clover or buckwheat is raised, and no alsike or alfalfa, there is a limit to the number of swarms that can find food, so we have avoided increasing them. We generally take off three or four hundred pounds, leaving the bees enough for their winter use. They are of the Italian variety, and are more quiet than the black ones of my father's time.

Of course these various employments require numerous workmen, and I have counted as many as seven nationalities at one time, including several Filipinos.

When we went to Japan from the Philippines, one of our house boys, Claro Zumel, asked to accompany us, and again, when we came to America, he objected to being sent back to Manila, saying that he preferred going with us if he could go to school for awhile. During our six months in New York City, he attended

a business college and graduated in stenography, typewriting, and bookkeeping. He accompanied us to the farm, and has been with us in all fourteen years, with the exception of two when he went home for a visit to his people, and to bring back his little bride, Modesta.

Claro's brother, Carlos, who came six years ago, is still with us, and is equally faithful and deserving of our confidence.

If all of the Filipinos were as intelligent and industrious as these two young men, there would be little question of their ability to govern their own country without assistance.

My daughter's remarkable executive ability and her never-failing hopefulness have been valuable assets. Her management verifies the proverb, "Eternal vigilance is the price of success," and she has the happy faculty of bringing into harmony the discordant elements she has to deal with. The foreign help, who found it a novel situation to be subordinate to a woman, have the greatest respect for her, and obey without remonstrance. Instead of asking for "the boss," they now inquire if "madame" is in.

With all these varied industries to supervise, and her watchful care of me, she finds time for the direction of the household, and the entertaining of the many friends who visit us. I would like a list of the

interesting people who have come to our simple home during the last eight years. Around our table, youthful escapades, war reminiscences, literary achievements, scientific inventions, and philanthropic endeavors have been discussed, and even Mother Jones held us spellbound with her graphic recital of the tragedies of the Colorado strikes.

The number of guests is never too great; when they outnumber the rooms, beds are gaily improvised for the overflow.

I have written thus far of our own home and personal interests, but they have not been so circumscribed as not to extend to those around us.

Metuchen has been humorously called "The Brainy Borough," from the rather large number of artists and literary men and women who have made it their home. When I first saw the place, I called it a swept and dusted town, the streets and yards looked so clean and bright, and there was a noticeable absence of the ugly mills and factories that mar the beauty of many of the New Jersey towns. But the spirit of progress is at last asserting itself, and huge buildings and tall chimneys are making their appearance, and of course the usual monotonous rows of small dwellings for the employees will follow.

When I left Avon, where my married life began, I never expected to feel a real attachment for any

other place, but, since living for eight years near Metuchen, I shall be well content to pass the balance of my life among its genial, cultivated people.

In the last few years I have made several long journeys, generally by myself. The first was in 1912, when I went to Wichita, Kansas, to visit my nephew, Will Coleman and his wife, Fanny, and to Hutchinson, the home of my sister-in-law, Susan Coffin and her daughter, Lucia Lockwood. I changed trains only in Chicago, so the journey was very simple,—much more so than the little trip from Metuchen to Brooklyn through the various tubes and subways. Will met me in Kansas City, which was a pleasure to me but not a necessity. I found Chicago much changed, since I had seen it on our way home from Japan. Then, there were a few automobiles, but now it seemed to me a marvel that there was not a collision every five minutes.

My visit, which lasted nearly a month, was a succession of pleasures. I had many afternoon rides in their comfortable car with Fanny and the two boys, and her young chauffeur was such a careful driver I gradually lost the fear I had always had of an automobile. I spent an interesting morning in Will's lamp factory, and he explained many of the processes. There were several girls in the office, and they seemed so intent on their work and looked so happy, I decided that all were fortunate who were

in Will's employ. There I saw and spoke into a dictagraph for the first time.

One day we visited a large florist's a little way out of town, and I got several valuable ideas, which helped me in my own smaller greenhouse.

It was just before the November election, and the suffragists of Kansas were making their final struggle. I was fortunate in hearing both Jane Addams and Dr. Anna Shaw speak on the subject. They are very different as speakers. There is something very winning about Miss Addams; you feel that she speaks from the heart, and lives what she preaches, but her voice is not strong, and many, who were unable to hear, left the house.

Dr. Shaw spoke in a still larger building, which was packed to the limit, but vigorous health and long practise enabled her to enunciate with a force and clearness that carried her voice to every part of the house. And she looks so jolly, and has such a keen sense of humor, and seems really to enjoy speaking. They won their cause, and I suppose the women are helping to give Kansas some of the laws that are making it a banner state.

I spent several days with sister Susan, whom I had not seen for more than thirty years, and there was much to discuss of our early life, and all the happenings of the intervening years. I am especially glad that I saw her then, for she has since passed

away, leaving me the sole survivor of all our family circle. I cannot expect that many more years will be granted me, though my son and daughter still talk of taking me around the world with them, by way of Suez and Panama.

One of the sorrows of my life was the early death of my nephew, John Coffin (Susan's step-son) who died at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, of fever caused by the unsanitary conditions following the flood there in 1889.

He had been a remarkable child, and showed an inventive turn of mind while a mere baby. His mother died when he was two years of age, and the grandmother, who assumed the care of him, told me she knew that he constructed a bushel of models before he was five years old. His playthings were a pile of new pine shingles, a tack-hammer, and tacks, and a blunt, dull knife. With these to occupy him, he whistled and sang to himself all day, while he constructed straw-cutters, water-wheels, and wind-mills, etc., to his heart's content. Like inventors of riper years, the moment he thought his machine would work, he lost all interest in it and began something else.

When he was about twelve years old, his father took him to their new home in Nebraska, but he had no love for farming, and soon he was running a steam sawmill in the Indian Territory. Later, he came

East and spent a year at Cornell University. After a few years spent in the Locomotive Works in Utica, New York, he was persuaded to go to the Cambria Steel and Iron Works at Johnstown.

Here he took up the study of the annealing of steel, and made many experiments, hoping to increase its strength. In this he was so successful that Professor Swift of Cornell said, in his "Appreciation" of him after his death, that "John's invention had multiplied the tensile strength of steel by ten," and by that much he had added to the safety of travelers. Every axle on the Pennsylvania Railroad bore his name, until the expiration of his patent.

Besides giving this important invention, and a number of others, to the world, his great heart longed to improve the illiterate workmen about him, and he gave of his time and strength to instructing classes in mathematics, mechanics, and free-hand drawing, in the night-school for employees. He said to me once, "Our miners never know whether they are being justly paid for the work they do, but I intend that their sons shall be able to compute, for themselves, the amount of coal they have mined, or the earth they have moved."

While making no profession, he used his influence to persuade them to lead temperate lives, and not squander their earnings. He told me that the heaviest cross he had ever felt called upon to bear

was sharing his pretty room with a young man addicted to drink, but he knew it was the only way to save him.

He left a young wife and infant son to mourn, as we all did, that death should have chosen such a shining mark.

The next summer after my Kansas trip, my niece, Margaret Janney, invited me to visit her at their island home in the St. Lawrence. The journey there took me through Northern New York, which I had not seen for many years. Then the little river trip from Clayton, where we left the train, to Gananoque on the Canadian side, was most picturesque. We passed many islands, great and small, on most of which are summer homes, and I noticed on some camping parties of young people, with their tents and canoes. Samuel and Margaret called their island "Rockland," which is most appropriate, as it is really one big rock measuring three acres. The highest part is in the center where the house is built, so we had a view of the water all around. The channels on both sides are deep, and the large steamers running between Toronto and Montreal pass daily. If at night, the big searchlight was constantly sweeping the river, I suppose to avoid running on any of the islands, which must be very much in the way of navigation. The river is nine miles in width at Gananoque and looks like a big

lake. It is lovely in summer time, and the cool river air was always refreshing, but, when the St. Lawrence is frozen over and the pine trees are weighted down with ice and snow, the scene must be desolate.

During the Fall of 1914, I spent a few days in Brunswick, Maine, with Willie's niece, Jane Smith. I had never been in New England, beyond Pittsfield and Bennington, and I was not prepared for the absence of grain fields and for the diminutive corn. As the buildings showed that the farmers were comfortable, and even prosperous, I was puzzled to know what could possibly produce an income. I did not know that the wood pulp, which is made into paper, is such a valuable article of commerce, and I forgot that their mountain pastures gave food for cattle and sheep, and their small meadows, valuable hay.

Brunswick is a typical old New England town, on the east bank of the Androscoggin river, a noisy, busy stream, which furnishes electric power for various industries.

The chief object of interest in the town is Bowdoin College, which dates from 1794. Its charter, granted at that time, sets forth that the object of the institution was "to promote virtue and piety, knowledge of the languages, and of the useful and liberal arts." That sounds like a large contract, but no doubt it was faithfully carried out.

They were not ashamed of a small beginning, and I was shown the one building which, in 1802, was the whole college, including the residences of the professors. The campus is now inclosed by many large and beautiful buildings. We spent an afternoon in the art gallery and saw several portraits of noted men of colonial days. Many distinguished literary men and women have lived in Brunswick, and I saw the homes of Longfellow and Hawthorne, and the house where Mrs. Stowe wrote her *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

One day we joined some friends of the family in a picnic to the seashore, only a few miles distant. As we sat on the rocks eating our boiled lobsters and roasted corn, "the rocking pines of the forest roared" above us, and, when I actually saw "the ocean eagle soar from his nest by the white waves' foam," I felt that I was living over the *Landing of the Pilgrims.*

My nephew, Norman Smith, took us to his feldspar quarries, a few miles out of the town. The mineral is blasted from the quarry, and then ground, in a mill run by electricity, into a fine powder, which is shipped to different parts of the country to be used for pottery. Sometimes precious stones, tourmalines, and I think garnets, are found.

That same autumn, I made a visit to Sandy Spring, where I had not been for three years. Every time

I go there I am surprised at the physical and mental activity of the people. There was a gathering of some character nearly every day, either a farmers' club, or a bridge party, or a young people's literary, so there was no danger of stagnation. Sister Lou took me to a meeting of her "Woman's Association," of which I have spoken before. The original members have all passed away, and their daughters (white-haired grandmothers) carry it on. Every member, as well as guest, is supposed to contribute something. They read short selections, recited poems, or related interesting personal experiences. When the secretary asked me what I had for them, I chose an account of a day that I had recently spent at Orange, in the studio of Thomas A. Edison. In order to preserve the recollection of it, I am going to repeat it here.

We have known Mr. Edison's chief engineer, Miller Reese Hutchison, for some years, and, on a visit to us, he asked me if I would be willing to have a moving talking picture taken. I promised to do so, if I could have some one in the picture to talk to. I thought a monologue would be stupid and embarrassing. Among our guests, that day, was a young lady whom Mr. Hutchison had noticed as having "just the kind of eyes for a moving picture," and it was arranged that Marguerite Blendinger was to sit by my knee and hear the story, which must be

just six minutes in length to fit the running of the film.

A few days later we went to Orange and Mr. Hutchison met us, and, after showing us many wonderful things, took us to the library where Mr. Edison sat writing. He immediately got up, as if expecting us, and waited for us to cross the room to speak to him. He was very genial, and, though quite deaf, seemed to hear without difficulty my deliberate speech. He told us an anecdote of his father; how, when "a mere boy" of about seventy-five, he went to Europe with a caretaker nearly as old, and, for a lark, they went in the steerage, and then tramped over Ireland.

We then went to the studio, and the director took me in hand to test my voice. I made little speeches and repeated poetry, which were both reproduced, and it was positively uncanny to hear my own words come back to me in my own voice—only it was not quite my own, and I said so.

"But you know you have two voices," said Mr. Hutchison, "the one you hear with the inner ear and the one we hear with the outer ear, which you are using now."

It was all very bewildering; the very air we breathed seemed saturated with science.

Finally Marguerite and I were posed, and I told her the story of the changes and improvements in the

taking of portraits, beginning with the silhouettes and oil paintings of our grandmothers, and coming down to the present time. I was some ten years of age when daguerreotypes were first taken in this country. Then followed ambrotypes, tintypes, and photographs, ending with moving and talking pictures. I had time to describe the amusing methods of the Japanese; how four artists opened and shut screens, and changed our positions for half an hour before taking a photograph. But the result was generally satisfactory. The original of the frontispiece in this little volume was taken in Tokyo.

They classed my talking picture among the educational films, of which they make a specialty, so, if it was not destroyed in the recent fire at the plant, it may be used for the edification of the rising generation.

Last year my only outing was with the family for a few days at a camp, among the mountains of Pike County, Pennsylvania. We took the Erie Road to Glen Eyre, on the Lackawaxen River. The early frosts had changed the foliage to yellow and red, which, mingled with the dark green of the hemlocks, converted the mountain-sides into mammoth tapestries. I found, under the pines, sweet fern and trailing arbutus, and the partridge vine and wintergreen that were so common in the woods of my Chatham home. There were tiny ferns carpeting the

rocks, just as I had seen them among the Catskills, and, again, in Japan on the temple steps at Nikko. It is remarkable how plants find their way around the globe, always choosing for themselves the same habitat. Earlier in the season the Lackawaxen affords good fishing.

Few of us ever fully realize all the dreams of our youth. One of mine was to see foreign countries, and that was in a measure granted. It was one of my childhood's aspirations to be a teacher, but when I actually became one, I was not quite satisfied. I fancied that I possessed unused faculties that teaching would never call out, so, in an optimistic moment I thought perhaps I could write, and I sent an article to the New York *Tribune*, which was accepted. Though unsigned, it was a private gratification to see my work in print.

Then, with the confidence of inexperienced youth, I began a romance. It was to be a real novel, but I thought it would be easier if there were a groundwork of fact. I chose, for my hero, a sailor cousin, whose life on the ocean since a child had been full of adventure and romance, even to going to a New Orleans theater, in all his sailor togs, and falling in love at sight with a beautiful Scotch girl, who loyally waited for him while he made another whaling voyage of three years.

Their marriage followed, and, before the honey-

moon was over, he rushed off to the newly-discovered gold fields of California, only to die in a lonely camp, and be laid in an obscure grave by his fellow miners.

The bride in her frantic grief followed, not around "the Horn" as he went, but by way of Panama, crossing the Isthmus on mule-back, never tiring until her Willie's resting-place was found and suitably enclosed and marked; then, with exhausted strength and means, she fell ill, and a fellow countryman, who came to her rescue, proved to have been an old playmate on the far-away Scotch moors. Of course they were married, and his wealth surrounded her and her children with every luxury. But every rose has its thorn; he was jealous of her first lover, and positively forbade any intercourse or communication with his people, to whom she was warmly attached.

The last chapter ended where Marian's baby boy sat on the floor, with his father's gold watch in one hand and a silver cup in the other, gleefully banging the two together.

Here actual facts gave out, and I made the depressing discovery that I was woefully lacking in imagination. I made vain attempts to expand my facts or to draw anything from the realms of fancy. I realized then that I was hopelessly realistic and always had been. It explained why, as a child, I had never played with dolls, and why I would *not*

read fairy tales. I read and re-read Defoe's *Life of Alexander Selkirk*, but I found the romantic version, *Robinson Crusoe*, uninteresting, and the *Conquest of Mexico* quite spoiled me for *The Fair God*, written much later.

I had reached mature years before I compelled myself to read *Ali Baba*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and other classics of that character, and I had passed my seventieth birthday when I read to my small grandson Hans Christian Andersen and *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, for the first time.

I was not accustomed to meeting such decisive failures, and it was a sort of turning-point in my life, but reflection convinced me that there was enough real work in the world to satisfy any reasonable person, and that a world-wide reputation was a poor thing to struggle for. There are always enough duties lying near at hand, and now I am rather thankful that I was saved from the error of adding to the world's superabundant supply of light reading.

I have been blessed with remarkable health and the enjoyment of activities that are often denied those of my years, and at evening I love to remember that,

> "Something attempted, something done
> Has earned a night's repose."

CLUB PAPERS

CLUB PAPERS

1902–1906

WHEN I went to the East, I was named as the Foreign Correspondent of a Woman's Club in Kensington, Maryland, of which I had been a member. These papers were written for that Club, and I have included with them one written, by request, for a Club at Sandy Spring.

I am giving them here, with my "Recollections," because, in them, I have described, more at length, some of the customs and traditions of the interesting peoples we were among.

M. C. B.

MANILA

MANILA, December, 1902.

THE city of Manila is so totally unlike any American city that I despair of giving you a clear picture of it.

Manila Bay is a beautiful sheet of water, about a hundred miles in circumference, and all around the water's edge are small towns and fishing villages, built under the protecting shade of banana and cocoanut palm trees.

Cavite, ten miles out from Manila, is the naval station where gunboats, armed cruisers, and battleships are now gathering to take part next month in a naval parade. At this point, the water is deep enough for the largest vessels, but it grows shallow farther up the bay, so that the ocean liners anchor at least two miles out. The new government hopes to deepen the harbor, so that eventually all the shipping can come to the docks in Manila, as in the Atlantic cities.

The Manila that is known to the commercial world lies on the bay, at the mouth and on both sides of the Pasig River. The city is made up of several sections known as Ermita, Troso, Malate, Tondo, San Miguel,

Binondo, Santa Cruz, etc., and about midway among them is the old city of Manila, which was built by the Spaniards in 1571, and has been the capital of the archipelago ever since. It is surrounded by a wall of solid masonry, some fifteen or twenty feet in thickness and thirty feet in height. This wall is gray with age, mildewed and moss-grown, and often most picturesquely clothed with vines and blooming plants. In some places it is double, and a moat surrounds the city between the two walls.

We enter one of the five massive gates, and find, as in all old Catholic cities, churches, convents, monasteries, government buildings, and the palaces of the old Spanish governors, regal with polished marble floors, wide stairways, and high frescoed ceilings. The courtyards are filled with tall palms, india-rubber trees, and the graceful bamboo, and in their shade grow an endless variety of caladiums, orchids, and ferns indigenous to the country.

The most interesting building to me is the great Cathedral, some portions of which have stood three centuries. Severe earthquakes have, at different times, injured some of the walls, which have been rebuilt. The central portion is open to the roof which is upheld by a great number of marble columns, and the high altar and grand organ are reached by several flights of steps. As we entered the building,

the little Filipino choir-boys were practicing their Sunday hymns, and their soft Spanish voices were almost lost in the great vaulted space. On each side of the body of the church is a series of small chapels, each dedicated to a particular saint and containing a confessional and a low altar.

The streets of the old city are all very narrow, and, before the use of electric lights, must have been very dark. The houses are close to the street, and the lower doors and windows have heavy iron gratings, giving an appearance of a succession of prisons. The arched doorways open into long passages, so dimly lighted that it takes but little effort of the imagination to believe that they lead to solitary cells, where, in the long ago, political prisoners suffered all the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition.

Outside of the Walled City, the streets are wider and some of the buildings are of modern construction, which, alternating with the rude shacks or grass houses of the natives, produce a curious effect.

The Filipinos in and around Manila are mostly Tagalogs, and all wear the native costume. The women brush their heavy coal-black hair from their faces, and coil it at the back without combs or pins. Little tots of five or six have it arranged in the same way, and they dress exactly like their mothers and grandmothers. They commonly wear a black skirt —always trailing—an overskirt of a different color

tightly drawn back, and a thin light-colored camisole which consists of a loose, low-necked body, with wide open sleeves. Over this is worn a kerchief of the same material, with many folds at the neck, but it is not crossed in front.

Their footgear consists of heelless slippers which flap as they walk.

The men generally dress in white and, like the Chinese, wear the shirt outside of the trousers.

At the international reception given by the Americans and the highest class of Filipinos, when Governor and Mrs. Taft returned from Rome, some of the wealthy native women wore silk or satin skirts most artistically embroidered or hand-painted, and camisoles of the thinnest piña, daintily embroidered, and the kerchief so arranged as to show the diamonds and pearls on the dress and neck. Add to these glittering jewels on their fingers and in their dark hair, and we have a good reproduction of Rebecca in the familiar tableau of the Jewish maiden kneeling at the feet of Rowena.

These people do not, as a rule, live to a great age; they take up the burdens of life too early, especially the women. As in all Oriental countries, we see mothers scarcely in their teens. No wonder that they break early.

An unpleasant feature of the country is the frequency of earthquakes. The houses are generally

constructed with a special reference to such a possibility, the large timbers being fastened together with wrought iron bolts, and every stanchion kept in place by a loose peg which acts as a pivot during an oscillation. A few days ago, I had my first experience in this line. Without any warning my chair seemed to be moving up and down, and then the whole house swayed back and forth until I was giddy with the motion. It lasted about a minute, and, an hour later, was followed by a lighter shock. I sat quite still; in fact it was less a feeling of fear than of awe, as if one heard the command "Be still and know that I am God."

THE IGORROTES OF LUZON

CERVANTES, April, 1903.

THE Igorrote of to-day is practically what he was three centuries ago. When, in 1570, Philip II of Spain sent out the adventurous navigator Legaspi to take possession of the Philippines, he landed on the island of Cebu, and, while he made friends of the natives of that island, he despatched his grandson, Salcedo, to conquer Luzon. The northern and central parts of this island were then, as now, the home of various tribes of Igorrotes. The conquest seems to have been an easy one, for, as long as the natives acknowledged the sovereignty of the Spanish king, they were allowed to live under their own tribal laws, which had existed from time immemorial. This is very much their condition at the present time, for, while they do not rebel against American rule, in many localities they preserve their old communal form of government, which might be called patriarchal, inasmuch as all matters of importance are referred to the oldest men in the community, and their decision is generally final.

There is no record that Salcedo attempted to convert the natives to the Catholic faith, or to

improve their condition in any way. In fact, personal gain was the strongest motive of the early conquerors.

The next attempt to possess the Archipelago was made by a Chinese pirate named Lim-a-hong. This invasion would not deserve mention, but for the far-reaching effects of their brief stay in Luzon. While Lim-a-hong and the most of his followers were soon driven out of the country, the few who remained fled into the interior, where it is quite probable they taught the natives better methods of extracting the gold and copper from the rich ores so abundant in many parts of the island. It is very probable that the Chinese taught them how to beat the copper into pans and kettles, and also to mold the sepings, a copper coin about the value of one cent, which were in general use until American money took their place.

The origin of these people is an interesting study to ethnologists. They tell us that while some of the tribes are evidently of pure Malayan extraction, others are apparently half-breed races between Malays and Negritoes (a black, dwarfish people, low in the scale of civilization), and one tribe is believed to be the descendants of the Chinese invaders.

The term *Igorrote* which literally means "wild men of the hills," applies to all the non-Christian people of central and northern Luzon, but the almost impassable mountain ranges have so

effectually separated the different tribes, that they not only speak different dialects, but the distinctive modes of life in each community have remained the same for centuries. Bitter feuds have been kept up for generations, and head-hunting has always been practiced by the fiercest tribes; in fact, a young warrior cannot hope to be a favorite among the dusky belles until he can prove his prowess by the possession of one or more of the heads of his enemies.

On the other hand, many tribes are peaceful and industrious—not that they accomplish in the short tropical day what we Occidentals would call a day's work, but we must take into consideration their enervating climate and the rudeness of the only implements they know.

But they are busy all day in their small rice paddies or *camote* (sweet potato) patches, or perhaps in cutting bamboo or runo (the coarse reeds that grow by the streams), or gathering the long nipa grass for roofing and covering the sides of their simple dwellings.

Housekeeping requires little time or thought. They ordinarily live on rice or *camotes*, according to locality, and the food is eaten with the fingers, the whole family sitting on the ground around the pot in which the meal has been cooked. So the women have time to work in the fields—in some cases a necessity, because of the warlike attitude required for the men

to protect the villages from attack—and some of them weave, in their rude hand looms, bright colored cotton fabrics which are used for the women's dresses and for blankets needed at night.

Some of the men have a working knowledge of steel and brass, and fashion head axes and spears, which they use on their punitive expeditions, and in hunting the deer and wild boar so common among the mountains. Their basket work and wood carving are often quite artistic, and their pipes of wood, clay, or brass, show great variety of design.

The men wear very little clothing, generally nothing but the ghee string of blue or red cotton, but their breasts and arms are frequently covered with tattooing, done in lace-like patterns that in a measure take the place of clothing.

The women wear a short jacket, and a short narrow skirt. Their coarse black hair is parted in the middle and held in place with a broad band of many colored beads. I think these must be heirlooms, for, though they are fond of bartering, I have never known a woman to sell her hair ornaments.

The young men are especially fond of anklets and the women of bracelets, curiously wrought of copper wire, which they wear sometimes in great numbers. I have seen a dozen bracelets on one arm. Add to these, enormous ear-rings and you have an Igor-

rote belle in all her finery. The girls are not often pretty, but they have sweet voices.

With their extravagant love of personal decoration, we would naturally expect to see their homes more tasteful than they are, but they are not even comfortable. They build a one-roomed house, roof and sides covered with runo and grass, and partition off at one end, a low room for a sleeping box. On the earth floor of this compartment, which has no outlet for smoke, a fire is built every evening, and the hot ashes being spread over the ground make at least a warm bed for the whole family.

They know very little of medicine, and have not the first idea of sanitation, so they often die from ignorance and neglect.

They have no written language, and their vocabulary is very limited. Four o'clock would be indicated by pointing where the sun would be at that hour.

They are very reticent with strangers about their religious beliefs, and all I know of them I have learned from miners and others who have lived among them long enough to gain their confidence. Their governing spirit or chief god, whom they call "Anita," is supposed to live behind the sun and control its movements, but numerous minor deities make their homes in natural objects, such as streams

and trees. If a river is turbulent after a long rain, the resident spirit is angry and is trying to claim a human victim. I have seen them place certain parts of a chicken in the branches of a tree to gain the favor of the spirit living there.

One of their most frequent religious ceremonies is the *Cañao*, a feast and dance which sometimes lasts several days. They eat almost no meat ordinarily but, for this feast, they kill carabao, pigs, and chickens, and among a few tribes, dogs. A quantity of rice is cooked, and, by the fermentation of the same grain, an intoxicating liquor called *tapuy* is made. It is difficult to explain the exact purpose of a *Cañao*. Sometimes one is held to express sorrow at the death of a relative, or rejoicing at a birth or marriage; again, it is a thanksgiving service for unusual success in war, or it may be to gain the favor of the rain-god, who has lengthened the dry season until the rice fields are suffering.

The only *Cañao* I have witnessed was held near Cervantes, in honor of the visit of Commissioner Worcester, who has especial charge of the non-Christian tribes of Luzon. Then, while some were preparing the feast, some eight or ten men and three women conducted the dance. They moved slowly in a small circle, while three musicians beat the time on thin copper pans with sticks, and another beat a drum of the most primitive construction,—merely

a hollow bamboo log with a skin stretched tightly over one end, which he struck with his fingers.

A very old woman with a face like a mummy, whom they called a priestess, led the dance. Over her extended arms, white blankets were thrown, making her look like some strange bird, as she went round and round the circle, with a rapt expression, as if she saw what was not visible to us, and all the time the men chanted a wail as plaintive as an Irish lament. Sometimes they indulge in the unusual food and drink the newly-made *tapuy* until they are quite incapable of dancing.

The marriage customs of this primitive people are unique. After the young man has made his choice, he goes to the parents of the girl, and they settle how many carabao and cattle he is to give the father, and what dowry the bride is to bring him, and especially how grand a *Cañao* they are to have, the young lover furnishing this. Then, if the girl is willing, it is all settled, and the time is fixed for the festivities, but, if she objects, she is not compelled to marry her admirer. If she consents, and then is not happy in her new relation, she is at liberty to return to her father's house, but is expected to pay back half the money her husband has spent on the wedding feast.

Polygamy is not permitted unless the wife has no children, when a man may take a second or even a

third wife, but the first and second are expected to stay and assist in the work for the family.

There is a wide field for labor among these child-like people. They are not lacking in native intelligence and are grateful for kindness and sympathy. Of course it will take time and patience to make any radical changes in their mode of life, or to induce them to renounce the barbaric customs which have come down to them through long generations.

In the schools which America has established throughout the islands, we are teaching the children our language, but it is to be hoped that we will be slow in unsettling them with a faith that they cannot yet comprehend, and in creating ambitions their poverty cannot gratify.

A HOUSE PARTY AT A COFFEE PLANTATION

CERVANTES, January, 1904.

A FEW days ago a party of twelve, including the writer, was invited to spend several days at Balili (Ba-le-le) the largest coffee plantation in this part of Luzon. It is situated sixteen miles south of Cervantes at the foot of Mt. Da-ta, the king of the central Cordilleras called the Datayan Range.

We left Cervantes in the early morning, by the light of an old moon, hoping to reach our destination by midday. Two of us were in chairs, the rest on horseback. Our host, who came down for us, brought a dozen Igorrote *cargadores* for our chairs and our belongings, chiefly blankets, for Balili, at an elevation of 5000 feet, has a much lower temperature than Cervantes, which is rather less than 2000 feet above sea-level.

Soon after starting, we crossed the Abra River, which, even in this dry season, is a wide, rapid stream and so deep that the ladies who were on ponies had some difficulty in keeping their riding habits out of the water.

The very good trail for several miles led through the wide valley of the Abra, where the terraced rice

fields had been under cultivation for generations. The winter crop had just been cut and the paddies flooded from the irrigating ditches, preparatory to planting again. A few late fields were still covered with a network of bamboo strips from which, at intervals, bundles of bamboo splints clattered in the wind. This primitive arrangement was supposed to protect the ripening grain from the innumerable rice birds, which if unmolested, would make sad inroads on the crop. One would think, however, that the incessant rattling of the splints would become as monotonous and as unheeded as the monsoon itself.

The methods of preparing the soil for the planting are probably the same that have been practiced for three hundred years. When the ground has been thoroughly softened, the water is drawn off, the men (or, in most cases, the women) stir it up foot by foot with a sharp stick or short iron rod, or, if they are the happy possessors of a carabao, it is used to drag a small wooden plow through the mud, or, in the absence of the plow, the heavy animal is driven over the fields until the straw of the last crop is trodden into the soft soil, this being all the fertilizing that is needed. The same fields have thus produced two crops annually for at least two hundred years, without any diminution of fertility.

On the mountain slopes, the emerald green of the spring had been replaced by rich olive and brown

tints, and in many places the ripened grass had been burned over for the double purpose of improving the pasture and protecting the homes of the natives from accidental fires. The crows and brown hawks were sailing low over the blackened slopes, in quest of the eggs and young birds of the despoiled nests.

Gradually the valley narrowed, sometimes to the river itself, and our trail wound in and out following the curves of the jutting mountains, and, though always up, the rise was so gradual that it was difficult to believe that we had passed the 4000-foot level, but the remaining thousand feet over an old Igorrote trail (that it was necessary for us to use to avoid a landslide on the regular trail) was so steep we quite realized how rapidly we were ascending.

Up to dizzy heights and down through deep ravines the rough narrow path led, so washed out in some places that with difficulty my four chair-bearers found footing. An inexperienced traveler would have expected any moment to go sliding down the almost perpendicular mountain-side, into the foaming Abra at its foot, but we had learned to have faith in these sure-footed mountaineers. They are very watchful, and their feet are practiced in clinging to the soil.

At this height, the nipa grass disappeared and the mountains were thickly clothed with hard-wood trees, with an occasional tree fern that is always an object of beauty.

There were not so many wild flowers as we had seen when we passed through that country in the spring on our wayto Baguio, but the white jessamine and deutsia were still blooming, and the long delicate sprays of white lilac were swaying in the wind and filling the air with their fragrance. In the dense shade of the overhanging cliffs, where the moisture was constant, there were ferns of every conceivable variety, but, prettiest of all, were the begonias laden with great masses of pink flowers. In the presence of all this strange and luxuriant vegetation, one goes botanically wild, and the impulse is to gather specimens for examination at the journey's end, but they droop and fade almost immediately. The orchids and hardier ferns will bear transplanting, but never thrive as in their own secluded haunts.

The Abra was now so far below us that its noisy song was hushed to a murmur, and we began to pass through groves of coffee trees, red with the ripened berries, and soon we reached Balili, having been just eight hours in traveling from Cervantes.

We made one stop on the way, where some trees gave us shelter from the sun, and, as one of our party facetiously observed, "Our host served savory sandwiches by the side of the silvery stream."

A bountiful dinner was spread under a tent, that all the rooms might be given to the guests. The house, built in Spanish times, was constructed en-

tirely of grass and bamboo. Even the windows were made of grass, woven into a frame of runo. They were propped outward during the day, but fastened down at night to keep out the cold wind. The nights here are always cold, and several blankets were needed.

In every direction from the house each ravine and shaded slope has been terraced and planted with coffee. The number of trees on the whole plantation is estimated to be about one hundred thousand. It was at the height of the picking season, and the trees, which were from six to nine years of age, were drooping with the weight of the ripened reddish-brown berries, though we were told that already the pickers had been over them twice. The picking season extends through four or five months, and, at Balili, gives employment to sixty hands, men, women, and children. The grown people earn 10c. Mex. (5c. gold) a day and the children half as much, and they furnish their own food, which, in this mountainous country, is generally sweet potatoes, which they call *camotes*. Every little pocket on the mountainside has its potato patch which is mostly tended by the women and children.

The coffee is one of the Arabian varieties, and, while in appearance it resembles Laguayra and Maracaybo, it has a much finer flavor.

In front of the house at Balili a quarter of an acre

of ground has been leveled and beaten hard for a drying floor. Here the green coffee is spread thinly in the sun to dry. This takes about six days, during which time men, with long-handled rakes, turn and stir it. Then it is hulled in a very primitive machine turned by hand, put into bags, and sent by pack mules sixty miles to the coast. This must always be done before the next rainy season comes on, as moisture discolors the coffee and injures the sale. It is estimated that the present crop will net the planter $3000 gold.

The life of a coffee planter is far from one of ease; there is actually no idle season. As soon as the crop is marketed, the ground under the trees must be worked over, for in this rich soil grass and weeds, during the rainy season, grow at a marvelous rate. A nursery for new plants must always be kept up, to replace old trees, and baskets and sifters woven to be ready for the next crop.

As soon as the trees are stripped, they begin to put on a new growth and bloom. The spring yield is always a light one.

Cattle-raising is often combined with coffee-growing. I went one evening to the corral when the cattle were driven in. They feed all day on the grassy mountain slopes, under the care of a herder, and at night are brought to an inclosure near the house, where salt is given them and a few of the cows are milked.

Though they eat only grass the year round, and have never seen a shelter, they are as fat and sleek as pampered, stable-fed American cattle. A characteristic of these native breeds is their gentleness. They took the salt from my hand and allowed me to stroke their faces as if they had always known me. In color they are like our Jerseys or Alderneys, and further resemble them in their fawn-like eyes.

Once a year, when the rivers are not too high for fording, buyers come up from the coast and purchase those that are ready for market.

After the corral has been used a month or two it is plowed and planted to young coffee, and another space is inclosed for the cattle.

A coffee plantation in bloom is a beautiful sight. The wax-like flowers are so very white and in such profusion that the effect is that of an evergreen, half buried in new-fallen snow. The perfume of the flowers is almost like that of tuberoses.

If, as is planned, a new trail is ever made from Cervantes to the coast, following the ridges and avoiding the many river crossings, there is no reason why coffee-growing, as well as cattle-raising, may not become a very profitable occupation.

After a herd of cattle has been purchased, the only expense is for salt, as the herder receives, as compensation for his services, one third of the increase.

With a good trail, that could be used even in the

rainy season, the marketable cattle could be driven to the coast when they were fat, and would find a ready sale at the military posts which are maintained by our government.

THE MARRIAGE AND FUNERAL CUSTOMS OF THE FILIPINOS.

CERVANTES, February, 1904.

MY calendar tells me that it is the 28th of February, but the soft air that comes in at the open window, and the tender green of the mountains stretching away, range upon range, toward the east, would indicate a perfect day in June, which we remember as the month of roses—and, as we had fragrant ones on our breakfast table, the resemblance is complete.

In the foreground of this lovely mountain picture, stands the Catholic church of Santa Niña. I was about to say old church, for its cracked masonry, shattered windows, and blackened, moss-covered walls all speak of age. What was my astonishment to learn from a Spanish record that it was finished less than twenty years ago! Five years later a destructive earthquake opened fissures from the ground to the ceiling, and demolished a part of the belfry, so that the bells were cracked and have hung awry ever since.

During the insurrection, the church was occupied by soldiers, and the rainy seasons and tropical

insects have done the rest. Of the three altars, now stripped of their ornaments, the largest is dedicated to the Señora Rosario, the patroness of the pueblo, in whose honor, in Spanish times, there was an annual fiesta lasting nine days.

The bells are reached by an outside stairway, and the bellringers, who are often small boys, run up these unprotected stone steps like squirrels, and pull at short ropes attached to each bell, ringing singly or all together, fast or slow as befits the occasion; slowly for a burial, but, if for a marriage or a fiesta, there is

"The clanging and the jangling of the bells, out of tune."

Since the beginning of the insurrection, four years ago, there has been no padre here, and the Civil Governor has acted in his place, performing all the marriages. To give, in the minds of the Filipinos, an added solemnity to the occasion, he has required the parties to come to the church for the ceremony.

Yesterday morning, at ten o'clock, soft strains of music rose from the vestibule, where two or three violinists were stationed, and soon a wedding procession came through the churchyard, the women in advance with uncovered heads, and carrying umbrellas, one of which was held over the little bride. She always wears a short veil, of any color (this time a blue one) which conceals her shining black hair,

and partly shades her face. Her skirt was of plaid blue and white silk, very stiff about the bottom and trailing, thus somewhat concealing the fact that she wore heelless slippers, without stockings.

Her thin white camisole, with its wide-open sleeves and kerchief to match, was quite elaborately embroidered. As the feminine heart is much the same the world over, we may safely conclude that this quaintly-dressed little maiden had stitched the usual amount of sentiment into her wedding garments.

Following the two dozen women, came the young groom, accompanied by half a dozen men. He wore the most immaculate of white suits, the upper garment, after the fashion of his people, outside the trousers, and, like the bride, his stockingless feet were thrust into slippers that covered only the toes. Even after they entered the church they walked separately, but met when they reached a small square of carpet spread before a low altar in the middle of the brick-paved floor. A friend had lighted two candles that stood in front of a small time-worn image of the Virgin.

The ceremony, repeated in English by the Provincial Governor, and translated sentence by sentence into Filipino by the official interpreter, was a mingling of the church and civil services, and was quite impressive. At its close, the young couple and a middle-aged man and woman, who stood near

them, signed a certificate which was given to the bride.

After the Governor had shaken hands with them and wished them much happiness, they left the church in the same peculiar order in which they had entered, with three bells ringing out a merry peal, which continued as long as the wedding party was in sight.

At the home of the bride, a feast was awaiting them of chicken and rice, and possibly a young pig roasted whole, with wines, beer, and various kinds of *dulces*—a term that applies to all manner of sweets, cakes, candies, or conserves. The feast and dancing last the balance of the day and far into the night. If their circumstances admit of the expense, the festivities are continued for several days.

A wedding journey is rarely taken, for vehicles do not exist where the roads are only narrow mountain trails. The natives seldom own horses, so the bride would have the choice of walking or of riding one of her father's carabao, neither of which would suit our dainty little Candida.

I often watch funeral processions as they pass my window on their way to the cemetery. If it is a young child, the casket is a tiny shallow box of wood or paste-board covered with white cotton or paper, and much decorated with colored papers cut in ornamental patterns. Paper roses surround the

baby's face, and small candles are burning at the corners of the little casket made so gay by loving hands. It is borne on the shoulders of two men, and the relatives and friends follow, always on foot, and the church bells are tolled until they reach the cemetery half a mile away.

In the absence of a padre, there is no church service, but I think prayers are read at the house.

The very poor do not attempt a coffin of any kind, but wrap the body in white cotton and carry it to the grave on a framework of bamboo.

The climate of this elevated region ought to be very healthy, and yet the mortality among young children is very heavy. I attribute it to the fact that many mothers are too young to know the needs of infancy, so it really amounts to "the survival of the fittest."

THE TOMB OF NICHIREN

Tokyo, March, 1905.

A FEW miles from Tokyo, reached either by steam or electric cars, is the little town of Omori, near which is a terraced plum garden, and above it, on the mountain-side, the temple of Ikegami, or, to be more accurate, a group of temples—in fact, a typical Buddhist monastery. One of the temples, the Honmonji, is dedicated to Nichiren, whose special doctrine was "the worship of the Lotus Sutra, the Book of the Law of the White Lotus." (Miss Hartshorne.)

We entered the garden under a *torii*, which throughout Japan always indicates that somewhere beyond is a temple or shrine. At once, a scene of uncommon beauty burst on our sight. Many terraces were planted thickly with plum trees, the long flight of stone steps being overarched with them. The trees were in full bloom, and of many colors, white, pink, or crimson, with single or double flowers and very fragrant. Some of the trees, judging from their size and moss-grown trunks, must be a century old, but, instead of replacing them with young ones as we in America would probably do, they

are carefully cherished as long as they show the slightest sign of life. In many instances the limbs were strengthened by a light framework of bamboo.

Under the trees was a thick growth of *nantein*, a shrub which bears, among its dark green leaves, large drooping clusters of scarlet berries, which, with the masses of bloom above them, all overtopped with gigantic evergreens, made us pause and hold our breath in admiration.

We climbed many flights of stone steps which led up to the temple, passing numberless shrines and beautifully carved monuments of gray granite, some in the form of many storied pagodas and others with overhanging domes, like a magnified mushroom, and all covered with inscriptions. I wished so much to know what they said of their dead. I do not know whether they eulogize them, but I am told that the priests give them another name after death and that it is recorded on their monuments.

In strong contrast with all the carving and gilding of the Japanese tombs, was a plain block of light gray marble, on which we read, in English, that it had been placed there by American residents in memory of the saliors of the United States Ship *Oneida* which, in 1870, was wrecked in the harbor of Yedo (as Tokyo was then called) and that the bodies which were washed to the shore, "were buried there in the temple grounds by tender and reverent Japanese hands."

I marvel much whether unknown sailors lost on our shores, would be laid in one of our most beautiful cemeteries.

We finally reached the summit which is thickly shaded by groves of the magnificent cryptomeria, an evergreen with foliage resembling our arborvitæ. Here is the temple of Homonji, erected on the spot where the Buddhist saint, Nichiren, is believed to have died, A.D. 1282. The gildings, carvings, and paintings, both on the outside and within the temple, prove the popularity which this saint enjoys. On the altar stands a lacquered shrine containing a life-size image of Nichiren in sitting posture, and on the walls are very old paintings of angels playing on musical instruments.

The floor is of polished wood on which no shoe is allowed to step. A drum beat the hour for prayer, and a priest, in embroidered robe and sandals, invited us to enter, and when, instead, we gave him a few coins, he rushed to a much-decorated altar and deposited them where they were supposed to bring an answer to our prayers.

An elevated bridge connected this temple with another and larger one, which is used as a sleeping place by the thousands of pilgrims who gather here to a festival, on the 12th and 13th of October, to celebrate the Saint's birthday. In this building is a complete set of the Buddhist Scriptures which can be

made to revolve on a huge wheel, and thus the pilgrims, at a trifling expense, can say many prayers, and their welfare for the ensuing year is assured.

Two or three terraces below the temples, we found the tomb of Nichiren. It is a small circular building resting on a great lotus flower carved from gray stone, and surmounted by a pagoda-like roof. We ascended a long flight of stone steps to a narrow platform within the stone petals, where we looked through barred windows and saw, in the center of the building, a gilt shrine standing on a bronze table formed of a lotus flower, and the whole resting on eight green tortoises. Within the shrine is a crystal jar, said to contain one tooth of the saint and a few of the ashes of his funeral pyre.

I may mention here that cremation has long been a custom in Japan, so that the tombs really contain only the ashes of the dead.

Weary with ascending and descending many steps, we followed our guide to a charming tea-house, built in three or four stories up the mountain-side, so that each story looked out on a terrace of its own, covered with blooming trees. No public park or place of resort is ever without its tea-houses, where, at all hours of the day, people sip from tiny shallow cups their favorite beverage, which they take without sugar or cream.

We went up the polished stairways to the top

story and sat on cushions on the white matting, while they brought us tea and little cakes that seemed to be made of parched corn.

On our way home we met hundreds of people, of all ages and conditions, on their way to the gardens. Some of the better class were in 'rikishas; there were school children, women with babies on their backs, and old gray-haired men and women leaning on their canes, all intent on enjoying the beauty and bloom of the lovely spring day.

HAYAMA, JAPAN

Tokyo, July 30, 1906.

IN the neighborhood of Tokyo, Hayama is the most attractive place on the coast, there being the rare combination of mountain and sea. The mountains are wooded to their very summits, mostly with evergreens, often with the gigantic cryptomeria, which, with their tall straight trunks and dense foliage, are always an impressive sight.

The town, until quite lately, was only a little fishing village. The small homes of the fishermen line both sides of a narrow street that follows the windings of the coast for two miles. Inland from this is a narrow valley, given up entirely to rice fields, which are irrigated by mountain streams.

The higher land is planted to millet, beans, and sweet potatoes, with borders, around the little checkerboard patches, of a larger millet or corn. From these slopes rise the mountains, which have been terraced half way to the top, and where wealthy Japanese, and many foreigners have built their summer homes.

From these heights, the views over the valley and out to the sea are superb. Beyond Kamakura, Enoshima, famous for its miraculous origin, is visible,

and, a little farther off, Fujiyama proudly lifts his snow-capped head. The cup-shaped crater is the result of an eruption in 1708, since which time it has been inactive.

Many students and tourists are planning to make the ascent of Fuji this summer. A chain of lakes, fed by the melting snows of the sacred mount, surrounds the base, some of them so clear that the mountain above is reflected as in a mirror.

From a rocky point near our house, I watch the fishermen as they cast their nets, or, if it is evening, see them come in with their day's catch, rowing to a chant which is probably an incantation to the god of strength. Frequently they deposit their fish and lobsters (the latter a specialty of Hayama) in huge baskets which are anchored a short distance from the shore, where they are kept alive until wanted.

Near this point, on a high rock projecting over the water, is a small temple (Morito Shinto) where many prayer-papers are tied to the gratings of the door, and also to the shrubs and trees surrounding the temple.

The bathing beach slopes gradually, and, as there is no undertow, it is perfectly safe, but in storms great waves roll in and dash against the sea wall, with a boom like distant thunder. When a storm is expected the fishermen draw their boats far up on

the beach, and fasten them to strong posts set deep in the ground.

When not bathing, I love to sit on the sand and watch the antics of a hundred schoolboys from Tokyo, who, under instruction, are learning all the acrobatic feats pertaining to the water. They float and swim and dive from a tower, and, at the end of the season, give a public exhibition of their aquatic accomplishments.

Hayama is a favorite summer resort for the members of the royal family and the nobility. The Empress and Crown Prince have beautiful villas, and various counts and viscounts have their summer homes here, which are probably very fine, but the grounds are always so inclosed with high fences or impenetrable hedges, with sentinels on guard at the gates, that we can only imagine the magnificence within, though we do have the benefit of the perfect roads that are kept in order for the comfort of our Royal neighbors.

The Crown Prince has three little children, and for their use a cow is kept. Not long since she was seen out taking the air, escorted by two *bettoes* (servants) and her cow-ship wore a blanket of green brocade, embroidered in gold with the Imperial crest. These children, under the care of guardians appointed by the government, live here the greater part of the year.

In former times, the children of the Royal family were taken from their parents at birth, and raised, often at some distance, but very recently a law has been passed permitting them to live in the same compound, so that hereafter an Empress or Princess mother may frequently see her babies.

The railroad station for Hayama is at Dzushi (Zu-she) two miles up the coast, but passengers are carried to and from the trains in a clumsy little omnibus called a *basha* drawn by one very small Japanese horse, and, though the passengers may number eight or ten, the hardy little beast, with a shaggy mane and his forelock quite over his eyes, ambles along at a rattling pace, and the conductor, who stands on the low steps at the back, almost constantly toots his little horn to clear the road of the ubiquitous children, who, as in all Japanese towns and villages, swarm in the streets, the older ones generally with babies on their backs. We ride the two miles in twenty or twenty-five minutes and pay the munificent sum of twelve sen (six cents).

One of the attractions of Hayama, at this season, is the wild flowers. The hedges are white with the clematis, something like our paniculata, and the mountain slopes are thickly dotted with lilies. The petals are white with brown markings and a band of yellow running down the center. The orange lilies bloom later and seem to prefer the almost

bare rocks, which are often inaccessible. Hillsides are gay with wild pinks, and ampelopsis envelops rocks and tree trunks.

The sunsets are a marvel. Great masses of cumulus clouds lie over the sea and cling around Fuji, reflecting prismatic colors that defy description. The houses of the farmers are often thatched with a small reed which is much more durable than the nipa grass of the Philippines, but even these simple country people are so careful to guard their homes from intrusive eyes that the houses and gardens are generally surrounded by a thicket of pine trees, in addition to the universal hedge and fence.

Prominent Japanesewho accompanied the Taft party when they were shown the Emperor's private gardens, said it was the first time they had ever seen them.

The soft tones of a temple bell on the terrace above us are heard morning, noon, and night, to tell the laborers when to begin their work and when it is over. Old men and women move about in the mud of rice fields, thinning and weeding, regardless of sun or shower. Occasionally the babies toddle about on the banks while the mother works. If you speak to the women they smile, sometimes showing their blackened teeth (one of their ancient customs whereby the bride endeavored to lessen her charms after marriage. Some of them could hardly have needed to take that precaution)!

Some foreigners have advocated the use of machinery in the rice fields, but, as long as they are so very small and all surrounded by dikes, it is difficult to see how drills and reapers could be operated.

At the close of our hottest days we run down to the beach and take a dip by starlight. We cross a bridge which spans the Morido River just before it joins the ocean, where, in the lamp light of a near-by tea-house, groups of people assemble and exchange the gossip of the day, or, as was the case last night, listen to the narrative of a professional story-teller, who, by his earnest manner, was holding his hearers spellbound. It is a custom all over Japan, especially in the cities, for crowds to gather in the evenings on the bridges or in the more quiet streets, to listen to a recital of the myths and legends of ancient Japan, or to tales of the old daimyos and the bravery and patriotism of the warlike samurai, or it may now be the thrilling incidents of the capture of Port Arthur and the glorious victory on the Sea of Japan. I suspect their ready invention supplies any dearth of facts; as an instance, a returned soldier lately charmed our small boy with an account of how he and a comrade captured seven Russians, after killing two others, but General Oyama commanded them to shoot all of them, which they immediately did. It is extremely doubtful if General Oyama was there at all, and, had he been, we all know that neither he

nor any other Japanese general ever gave an order to murder prisoners.

A few days ago I met, on the beach, the baby of the Crown Princess in his little rubber-tired baby carriage, escorted by six attendents; viz., two nurses, two men in livery, and two boys to pull the carriage. When they reached the little Shinto temple on the point, they carried the baby up the stone steps to the door of the temple, where, with help, his little hands pulled the bell-rope, to let the gods know that his Highness wished to offer a prayer; then they put his tiny palms together, and, by proxy, he made his offerings.

He is a robust handsome boy, but rather darker than members of the nobility usually are, probably from much exposure to the ocean air, which tans the boatmen almost black. Besides, the women of rank and fashion whiten their complexion with rice powder, so that we do not realize how dark they naturally are.

During the late war, Hayama sent her quota of men to the front, and, to commemorate their gallant deeds, a monument has been erected on the summit of a high mountain overlooking the town. A space has been cleared of the trees, and a newly-made road zigzags up the steep side to the monument, which a few days ago was dedicated, by a company of soldiers, to the memory of their lost comrades. I

have no doubt that for long years to come, on certain days of the year, the relatives and friends of these dead patriots will assemble there to make offerings and commune with their spirits. In every possible way is the sentiment fostered that death on the battle field is a glorious privilege.

I should not omit to mention that among the many varieties of fish caught in these waters (it is said that there are one hundred and fifty kinds of edible fish found on the coasts of Japan), is the octopus or devilfish. Though not so formidable as the one that horrifies us in *The Toilers of the Sea*, I would not like to make the personal acquaintance of even one of these. The largest I have known of had a body some two feet in diameter, and its eight powerful arms were from two to three feet in length. Parts of this repulsive creature are considered by the fishermen to be a great delicacy.

The largest fish they catch in their nets is the *katsuru*, commonly two feet in length, but in rare instances six feet long, and it requires two men to lift one.

On bright mornings, the whole beach is covered with the nets of the fishermen drying in the sun, and the men, with their shuttles of twine, sit about on them repairing the broken meshes.

Four years ago, when I crossed the Pacific from San Francisco to Manila, I learned what a typhoon

was like on the water, but, during the last week, I have made its acquaintance on land. The personal sensations are very different; in a well-built house, on presumably solid ground, the feeling of fear—perhaps I should say of uncertainty as to the issues of the next hour—is hardly recognized, and the mind is in a measure free to take in the grandeur of the conflict of the elements. One wonders whether the wind or the rain is more destructive. Great blasts of air come sweeping down from the mountains, and, the next moment, seem to come from the sea in quite the opposite direction. Tall trees bow before the wind, and the ripening grain is beaten, now one way and now another, while it seems impossible that it can ever rise again, and all the time the rain comes down in great white sheets, slanting with the direction of the wind, but falling without a moment's pause, until a hundred mountain torrents are tumbling down into the valley that the day before was one stretch of rice fields, waving in the breeze, but is now a broad river of muddy water rushing seaward.

As for my old acquaintance, the ocean, it has lashed itself into foam, and though we cannot see it through the falling rain, we hear the great billows breaking over the rocks and destroying the sea walls, though they had looked able to resist any force of wind or wave.

Of course all the small fishing craft had been with-

drawn from the water, and the larger boats anchored in the Morido River, beyond the reach of the breakers.

Hour after hour, from early morning until long after dark, the roaring of the wind, the falling rain, and the booming of the sea go on till one wonders what the earth will look like when morning comes.

But behold! the storm has spent its strength and passed on; every cloud is gone, the sun is shining, though there are still rivers where formerly were only rice dikes. The flattened grain is lifting itself, and the foliage of the trees scarcely moves in the still air. The air itself has that purified transparent look, that we often notice after a thunder storm, when distant objects seem very near.

Beyond the shining sea, Fujiyama stands out in bold relief from crown to base, every irregularity outlined and every snow-filled crevice glistening in the morning sunlight. It is the most imposing single peak I have ever seen, and though only 13,000 feet in height, the very fact that it is the only great elevation above the low Hakone range at its feet, gives the impression of greater height. It was visible all day, a rare happening at this season of the year, and, in the purple light of sunset, was more beautiful than ever.

NIKKO

Tokyo, November, 1906.

A HUNDRED miles north of Tokyo, and reached by five hours of railroad travel, is the famous sacred mountain of Nikko. There, from time immemorial, pilgrims have flocked from all parts of the Empire to worship at the many shrines and tombs of their famous Shoguns.

The mountain-sides are cut into terraces on which is an assemblage of ancient temples, both Buddhist and Shinto, which are reached by long flights of stone steps, with balustrades cut in ornamental patterns out of great blocks of granite. Up, up we climb, the stones so thickly covered with moss and fern, that grow in the dense shade of the cryptomerias, that it is like treading over a soft carpet.

From the earliest ages, a Shinto temple has existed at Nikko, but, according to Japanese historians, the first one for the worship of Buddha was erected in 767.

The great Shogun, Ieyasu, died in 1616 A.D., and his son sent officials to Nikko to choose a resting-place for his father's ashes, which had been temporarily buried in Shizuoka. The next year the tomb

was finished, and a procession, bearing his remains, traveled eighteen days from Kioto and, with impressive Buddhist services, deposited his ashes in their bronze tomb, the reigning Shogun taking part in the ceremonies. He was the real ruler, the Mikado at that time being little more than a figure-head.

We were wakened in the morning by the silvery notes of a temple bell, and we heard it again several times during the day. The Buddhist temples are richly ornamented with gilded ceilings, tapestry hangings of great age and priceless in value, lacquered shrines, and wonderful carvings representing animals, birds, fruits, and flowers, to say nothing of the many gods with their appalling faces and gorgeous trappings.

The one Shinto temple that we visited is much more simple in the matter of decoration. Twice we took off our shoes, when we wanted to walk on the polished floors or the white mattings. A priest accompanied us and pointed out what he considered most worthy of attention. He also tried to explain the nature of the different gods; some, like the gods of thunder and wind, were fierce and threatening in expression; others more peaceful looking.

In one temple, some of the young sailors, just home with Admiral Togo's squadron, were kneeling before a Buddha, and we waited while a young priest read a prayer.

Beside the bronze tomb of Ieyasu is one of his grandson, Iemitsu, but it is less ornamented. There was one pagoda of five stories, in all 104 feet in height. It is much gilded and carved, both inside and out. Around the lower story are represented the twelve signs of the zodiac.

Great annual festivals are held at Nikko, on the 1st and 2nd of June, when the sacred palanquins, or immense funeral cars, are carried by seventy-five men down the temple steps, and are borne in the grand procession. The cars are supposed to be occupied by the deified spirits of the departed Shoguns. Ancient costumes, masks, and armor are worn by the villagers, old and young taking part in the ceremonies, and there is great rivalry among them as to which shall impersonate the more important historical characters who originally wore the old dress. In September another less imposing ceremonial takes place.

Between the railroad station and the hotel we cross a rapid river, on a bridge. Very near it is the sacred red-enameled bridge over which none but royalty may pass. It is said that General Grant was invited to use it, but, to his credit, he declined.

I would love to see Nikko in winter. It must be a wild sight when the many mountain streams form icy cascades, and the great cryptomerias are weighted with snow. The sacred bridge is always covered in winter to protect it from snow and sleet.

FOR THE WOMEN'S CLUB OF KENSINGTON, MARYLAND

Tokyo, February, 1906.

IN your study of Japan you will have, at your command, such a multitude of books relating to the country and the people, many of them written very recently, giving you knowledge of both ancient and modern Japan, that I shall attempt nothing more serious than a few sketches of things that I have seen from "My window in Japland."

Just across the street from our home is one of the many tidal canals that form a network throughout the city, and this one is so wide and deep that, at high tide, boats of considerable size are constantly passing up and down, laden with freight of every description. Many of them are house-boats and are the only home of the boatman's family. Often the little wife assists in guiding or propelling the boat, by means of a long bamboo pole. Children, with their pets, run about on the deck, and often the mother carries the smallest baby on her back, while she tidies her little cabin, or helps load or unload the boat. The women of that class, if they cannot share their

husband's work, find something else to do. Military service is compulsory, and, while the men were fighting their country's battles, their wives were able to provide for their young families.

The first snow of the season fell a week ago and has been followed by very cold weather. Several times since, in the evening, I have seen a company of men, numbering from ten to twenty, running at full speed past the house, each carrying a paper lantern and a small tinkling bell. They were bare-footed and wore nothing but one cotton garment which reached to the knees. Their heads were wrapped in white towels. As they ran they chanted, probably a prayer to some god to give them health and endurance, for they were pilgrims, who always, at the coldest season of the year, rush in this manner from temple to temple throughout the city, stopping only long enough to say a prayer, after having, by way of purification, dashed cold water over themselves from a stone basin filled with running water that is always found in front of a temple.

During the summer months, bands of pilgrims travel all over the country, to worship at the different temples and shrines, obtaining, at each, a string of beads as evidence of their piety. I have often seen them in their white robes and long strings of beads of different colors hanging over their shoulders. I think the most meritorious pilgrimage of all is to a

shrine on the very edge of Fuji's crater, as it requires both strength and courage to reach it.

Yesterday, being the 4th of February and the end of what they call "the great cold," the common people performed the ceremony of exorcising the evil spirits that, during the year, might have gained access to their homes. In the evening the inmates went through the house scattering dried beans in all the rooms, and on the doorstep threw them towards the four corners of the heavens, all the time repeating the injunction, which in English would be "Devil, go outside, Good Luck, stay inside."

This, in the Japanese Calendar, is the year of the "Kicking Horse," which explains why we are having frequent earthquakes, and, unfortunately, it is also the year of the "Fiery Horse," in consequence of which we have had an unusual number of fires. When the two years are in conjunction, which can happen only once or twice in a century, it is wise to take every precaution to avert calamities. We may smile at this belief in occult agencies, but are we, with all of our enlightenment, quite free from superstition?

This morning, a Buddhist military funeral procession passed under my window. It was led by some twenty men carrying large banners of purple, red, or green silk, fastened to gaily colored bamboo poles, each with a large gilt ball at the top. The

banners were covered with Chinese characters in white, setting forth the deceased soldier's name, military rank, and deeds of valor. Then followed twelve men bearing branches of evergreens and huge artificial bouquets of lotus flowers, the bloom being white, pink, or silvered and the leaves bronzed or gilded. Two men carried cages filled with birds which were to be liberated at the grave, showing, by their upward flight, that the spirit of the departed had ascended to a purer realm. Next came three priests in 'rikishas, wearing their official robes of rich silk, and each carrying a fan which has some significance, as it has in many Japanese ceremonials. One of the priests had, also, a tray containing fish and rice-cakes, the usual offering to the temple gods. Another carried a small wooden tablet on which was written the posthumous name that he had conferred on the dead. This tablet is planted by the grave until that name and the one he bore in life can be engraved on his monument.

Next in the procession were the near relatives in 'rikishas. They wore white, that being the mourning dress of the country. Following them were twelve or fifteen men dressed in white, with black caps. Some of the men pushed a little two-wheeled vehicle on which rested the casket which held the urn containing the ashes of the dead. This casket varies according to the position and rank of the family.

Sometimes it is plain black lacquer; again it is richly gilded.

When they do not cremate, the body is placed in a sitting posture, in a receptacle some five feet in length and three in width and height, resembling a child's doll house, with windows and doors and a projecting roof. There is always one band of music and frequently two. The selections for these occasions are sweet and plaintive, always in a minor key.

Last of all came numerous friends of the family, mostly men and all on foot, which is considered much more respectful than riding. It often happens that men of rank and wealth who have handsome carriages and liveried coachmen, walk long distances from the homes of their deceased friends to the temple where the funeral rites are conducted.

Tokyo has been very gay this winter, scarcely a day passing without a reception or a banquet to a visitor or a returning hero. From my same window I watch the passing of great numbers of "The Four Hundred," going in their carriages or 'rikishas to these social gatherings. The men of the upper class have mostly adopted foreign dress and wear long overcoats, with capes and fur collars. A few of the women, on very state occasions, wear Paris gowns, though most of them still prefer their native costume, which may be very handsome and expensive. In cold weather they wear several kimonos, the inner one of red crepe,

the next of white silk or delicately tinted crepe, and then on through browns and greys, finishing with one of heavy dark silk, lined with some bright colour and wadded with waste silk, which is as light and warm as swansdown. Socks of white cotton flannel protected by straw sandals or wooden shoes, and a plush scarf of some color, suited to the age of the wearer, complete the winter costume. In summer, the outer robe and scarf are not worn and the "obi" or sash is very conspicuous. They rarely wear any head covering. Only in the most severe weather have I seen elderly women wearing a veil.

Their abundant black hair shines like satin, and is often most elaborately arranged by a professional hairdresser. On festive occasions, it may be ornamented with jeweled hairpins, a knot of ribbon, or a flower.

It is noticeable that the Japanese never try to conceal their age, and it is a perfectly polite question to ask strangers how old they are. I count my gray hairs my greatest asset. A seat is always given me in stores, and I never stand a moment in street cars.

One of the remarkable things about the New Japan is the readiness with which they have utilized every known electrical invention and device. A traveler lately remarked that a web of telephone wires had been spun over Tokyo. Beside these and telegraph wires there are those for electric lights,

trolley cars, etc. An electric car line crosses one of the canal bridges near our house, and I can count a dozen cars in as many minutes. There are lines in every direction, one of which goes to Yokohama, and they tell us that a little over three years ago not a mile of track had been laid.

We must conclude that a people with so much energy and such a marvelous power of adapting the customs of other countries to their own needs, will, in the near future, make a place for themselves among the advanced nations of the earth.

FOR A WOMAN'S CLUB IN SANDY SPRING, MARYLAND

Tokyo, July, 1905

IF you had asked me soon after I reached Japan, to tell you something of the people and their ways of life, I would probably have done so without hesitation, trusting to the correctness of my first impressions, but the longer one lives in the "Island Empire" the more incomprehensible the people become, and we are all the time learning that things and acts have a significance beyond what first appears.

One of our first discoveries is that they do most things in a manner we would call backward. They write and read from the right to the left, beginning at the back of the book. Keys turn in locks the other way from ours, the carpenter sits on the ground and planes towards himself on a low, sloping platform, and yet the results are all that can be desired. When a room is to be papered the paper is all cut into pieces one foot in length and then matched together. Time does not seem to be taken into account.

To an Occidental, the language is most difficult to acquire. You may know French and German, and may even be a Latin and Greek scholar, but all these

attainments are not of the slightest assistance in learning Japanese.

To make any acquaintance with their literature requires a knowledge of several thousand Chinese ideographs, and even these have different significations when applied to different periods of the nation's history. Then there is a language to inferiors, another to those higher in rank and position, and a distinctive polite language used on ceremonious occasions. Missionaries who have lived here many years, have, through abounding zeal and great labor, acquired a working knowledge of the language, and some of them conduct the church services in Japanese. But, now that English is taught in all their higher schools, we will soon be able to communicate with the rising generation in our own language. Aside from a possible interest in religious truths, it will give them unquestioned commercial advantages.

So interdependent and mixed are present conditions with those existing centuries ago, it is impossible to understand modern Japan without some reference to the past. From the middle of the twelfth century, down to 1867, when, at the Restoration, as they name the period, the Mikado assumed his rightful powers, the Empire was under a military ruler called a Shogun. Formerly the Emperor was a mere figurehead, as to political or legal authority, but he was always

"The Heavenly Sovereign," the "Offspring of the Sun," representing the religion of the race.

It suited the purpose of the Shogun to keep the Emperor very much in the background; he was almost a prisoner in his palace. No man must look upon his face, so, on the rare occasions when he went abroad, all must bow with their foreheads to the ground while he passed.

It was a period of great unrest until, about the middle of the sixteenth century, there arose, from the lowest ranks of the people, a remarkable man named Hidyoshi, who, after long and bloody wars, conquered all the feudal lords and united the country under one government. He died about 1600 and the Shogunate fell to Ieyasu (E-a-yah-su), the first of the Tokugawa rulers and one of the wisest leaders that Japan has ever produced. He gave the country peace and prosperity, and, during his reign and the two hundred years that followed, there was great advance in all industries, in literature, and art. It was during this period that the painters, the carvers of ivory and wood, the makers of enamel and gold-ornamented lacquer produced articles that to-day are almost priceless, and their mere imitation the delight of Western visitors. They learned to decorate the most common household utensils. Their beloved Fuji appears in every imaginable material, in bronze and lacquer, in tapestries, em-

broideries, and paintings, and even in china and jewelry.

The stork, which appears so often in their works of art, symbolizes health and long life. It is generally conceded that the Dutch legend that the stork brings the new occupant of the nursery, was borrowed from the folk-lore of the ancient Japanese. It is considered a sacred bird, and no one dreams of molesting those kept in the public parks.

There is some difficulty in understanding what lies under the surface of Japanese life.

Traditions have the force of religious obligations. Their delight in trees and flowers amounts almost to reverence. I have seen the most humble laborers stand under a blooming cherry tree or a purple flower-laden wistaria and gaze in silent admiration, and, at the flower festivals, even the poorest families spend the day in the parks and public gardens.

It would be difficult to find a more cheerful people than the laboring class in Japanese cities, for there is always work enough to supply their simple needs. I am told that there is more poverty in the country districts; the failure of a rice crop may even produce a famine, and, judging from the men and women we see working in the rice fields—especially the women in these war times—theirs must be a life of toil and a struggle to support their families.

Of the women of the higher classes it is difficult to

give a true idea. Some writer has said that it took a thousand years to make the woman of Japan, and I would add she is worth the making. They are dainty little creatures, modest and dignified in manner, and, excepting the very young, always quietly dressed. They generally wear brown or soft gray, the outer robe folded across the breast showing the edge of the silk or crape kimono underneath, giving much the effect of the Friends' silk shawl over the muslin kerchief.

But, with all their gentleness and their quiet voices, they are women who can rise to an emergency. All through this long anxious year they have worked without pause for the men in field and hospital. Ladies of rank have given up social pleasures and restricted their personal expenses, and even the Empress has joined in the labor of preparing hospital supplies. When the victorious end comes, the women of Japan, of every rank, can feel that they have nobly done their part.

Of their family life I know very little. The woman who last year lived six weeks in a hotel in Tokyo, and then went home to write a book on *Home Life in Japan* must necessarily have drawn chiefly from her imagination. The homes of the shopkeepers and working people, as we see them from the street (the whole front of the houses being removed in the daytime) are small, but neatly kept. The floors are

made of sections of a thick straw matting called *tatami*, and, as they sit on cushions and sleep on the floor, very little furniture is needed. The large deep cupboards opening out of nearly every room take the place of bureaus and wardrobes.

The better class have large handsome houses, but they are always a little back from the street and are inclosed by high solid fences and hedges, so the house and garden are entirely secluded.

We have visited in several homes where our hosts had been educated in American or English Universities and had been members of legations in different capital cities, and they entertained us charmingly. At one luncheon, I sat next a man who had been sent to Washington, in President Cleveland's time. He said he had been round the world four times and he thought Washington the most beautiful city he had seen. He liked many of our institutions, but objected to the freedom allowed our young people; he was surprised to see young girls going about alone and thought they laughed and talked too loud in public conveyances. Here in Japan, you seldom hear what is said in a street car or any public place.

A few weeks ago, I was invited to attend the commencement exercises of a High School for girls, and saw thirty graduates receive their diplomas.

In the principal's address (which a missionary translated for me), he said that, in old times, the

Japanese women had very little education, for they were not expected to care for anything outside of their homes and families, but that day was passed; they must now take higher studies and show an intelligent interest in what was being done in their own country and in the world at large, but he trusted that no amount of learning would ever change that modest demeanor or the quiet dress that has always been considered most becoming to their women.

I could not help contrasting it, in my mind, with an address that I heard in a fashionable school near New York, just before I left America. The reverend gentleman told the young lady graduates, that now that they were done with school, the most important thing for them was to cultivate that especial quality called "charm," in other words, their chief object in life was to be attractive!

The government of Japan, desiring to change the dress of the women to a costume less constrained, has made a beginning by prescribing a dress for school-girls, which admits of more complete freedom of movement. It consists of a kilted claret-colored skirt worn over a gray kimono, so that only the waist and drooping sleeves of the kimono show. The skirt is plaited into a wide belt and they do not wear the clumsy sash or *obi* which is such an important part of the national costume. The *obis* of the wealthy cost anywhere from two hundred to one

thousand dollars. They are made of silk and are often stiff with gold thread.

When speaking of the Shogun Ieyasu (E-a-yah-su), I should have mentioned how the country came to be closed against the rest of the world. The Jesuits, who had come as missionaries, and who had been allowed great freedom of action, made many converts in all parts of the Empire, and, believing that they had planned to seize the government, Ieyasu sent his army against them and exterminated or banished them completely from the country. Thus was Christianity at once stamped out, but we cannot regret that Japan was rescued from priestly tyranny and possibly escaped the horrors of the Inquisition.

To prevent further intrigues, foreigners were thereafter carefully excluded from the country. Only a few Dutch traders were permitted to reside on a small island near Nagasaki, and even they were guarded almost like prisoners. No Japanese could leave the country, and it was forbidden to build vessels capable of making long voyages. Any European ship, excepting those of the Dutch company, entering a Japanese port, was ordered to be destroyed.

This isolation had lasted for two hundred and fifty years, when Commodore Perry opened the ports of Japan to the outside world, since which time this remarkable people has made such rapid strides in

commerce, industries, and education as the world has never seen.

The present Emperor, Mutsuhito, who ascended the throne in 1867, was happy in his choice of a name for his reign, Meiji, which means Enlightenment.

Nothing shows more clearly Japan's standing among the nations of the world than the fact that Europe and America send men here to study Japanese military methods, and physicians come to learn the secret of their unparalleled success with their sick and wounded in time of war.